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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE GIRL WITH THE HEART OF GOLD

### A NIGHT IN A BURNING BOAT DRAMATIC SIGHT ON A RIVER

Opening the Valve of an Oil  
Line and What Happened

### TWELVE HOURS IN THE ENGINE ROOM

By Our Mexico Correspondent

A dramatic sight was witnessed on a burning river in Tampico, the oil city of Mexico, the other day, when a man walked out of the engine-room of a ship which had been in flames for twelve hours. Our Mexican correspondent tells the story in this message.

The sudden wailing of Tampico's fire-siren caused me to throw aside the book I was reading the other night and to run up to the flat roof of the house, from where we have a fine view of the town.

An ominous glow in the sky some miles away and to the north of the town plainly indicated a widespread fire, though from where I stood it was impossible to see the naked flames. But what had happened was indeed terrible and dramatic.

#### An Escape of Petrol

Some workmen who had been dismissed from an oil refinery which is closing down are said to have opened a valve of a pipe connected with a gasoline, or petrol, tank. The gasoline had run out in great volumes down the sloping river bank, and on into the waters of the River Panuco.

The manager of the oil works discovered the trouble, closed the valve, and ordered sand and earth to be thrown on the top of the oil-drenched land, thus preventing any oil connection between the river-bank and the gasoline tanks in case of fire.

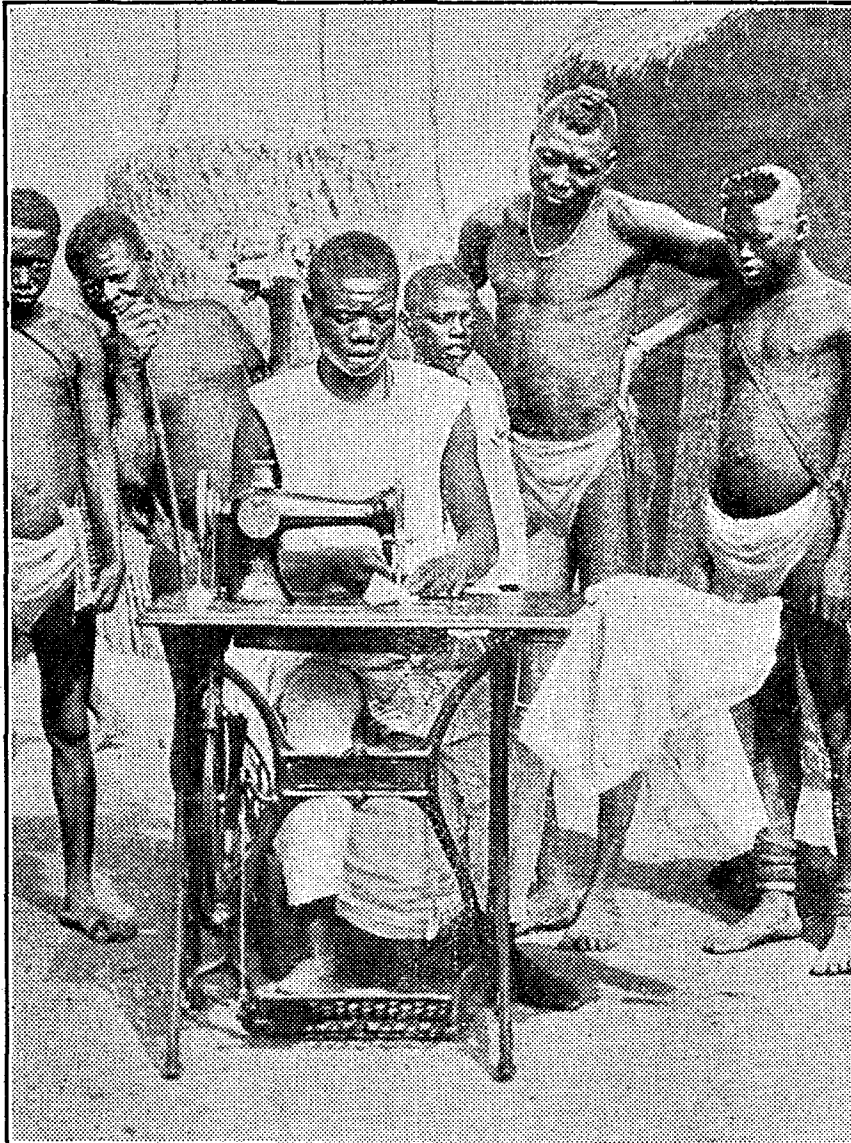
As the valve had been open and the gasoline running for over two hours, many tons of oil had floated on to the surface of the River Panuco, and it happened that not far from the oil refinery, at a point of the river where the Chijol Canal enters the Panuco, a 9000-ton oil-tanker, the San Leonardo, was discharging fuel oil and kerosene into tanks on shore.

#### The River on Fire

A customs officer, making his way in a small motor launch on his round of inspection, noticed a powerful smell of gasoline while he was still a considerable distance from the discharging tank-steamers; and he noticed, also, two men in a small fishing-boat with a naked light in the prow.

The officer at once shouted to the men to put out the light, as there was much gasoline about, but the men called rudely back and went on their way heedless of danger. Soon after the water round the small boat leaped into flames, and a moment later the flames had raced over the surface and reached and engulfed the tanker, San Leonardo. About forty men were at that moment

### Civilising Africa



The missionaries are always the pioneers of civilisation, and their work in Nigeria, now going ahead as an industrial country, has borne good fruit. Here we see a group of natives watching with interest as one of their number tries to work a sewing machine

aboard the tanker, and there was a general rush to escape. Many of the men threw themselves into the water before the flames had completely surrounded the ship, and they were picked up by a little launch. Ten men threw themselves into the water too late, so that when they came up to the blazing surface they were doomed in a fiery furnace from which they could not escape. The two fishermen also perished.

The fire on the tanker raged for twelve hours, and after it was over, wonder of wonders, there came out of the engine-room of the burned boat a wild-looking figure in scorched rags. He was the boat's mechanic, still alive in spite of the fires that had raged around him all through the night.

This man, a Mexican named Samuel Cinta, had tried hard to get the boat away to prevent the fire from spreading to the refinery's oil tanks, and after heroic efforts he had succeeded in starting the engines and moving the vessel some distance. Then he found his escape cut off, and he remained down in the engine-room, where he threw

water continually over his face and body in order to endure the sickening heat all round him. As by a miracle, he was only slightly burned, and lived to tell the story of a night spent in the heart of a ship on fire.

### TUTANKHAMEN Still a Mystery

Once again Tutankhamen is to be left alone in the silence of his sepulchre.

As it is too late in the season to remove all the treasures surrounding him, and to take to pieces the outer wall of his shrine, the tomb is again to be sealed up till next autumn.

What, after all, is six months in three thousand years? Tutankhamen had slept unseen for thirty centuries, and the world will not grudge him a few weeks more repose.

In the meantime the sarcophagus keeps its secret, and there are some who say that the secret is not Tutankhamen, but another man. We must wait and see.

We rejoice to know that Lord Carnarvon is anxious to leave him for ever where he lies, as the C.N. suggested last week.

### WHY SHOULD WE CREEP IN A TUBE

WHILE OUR PARCELS  
RIDE IN THE SUN?A Good Idea that Came, and  
Went, and Came Again

### A WORD TO THE G.P.O.

A millionaire business man has lately died who was Postmaster-General in America when a wonderful invention came into use. This invention was called the pneumatic tube.

As many as 500 letters were packed into a metal cylinder; the cylinder was popped into a cast-iron tube eight inches in diameter, and a blast of air in the tube sent the cylinder flying under New York at thirty miles an hour.

#### Relieving the Crowded Streets

Not only did this method of dispatching mails increase the speed of delivering letters, but it relieved the crowded streets of great cities from the traffic of lumbering mail vans. Everybody said it was a marvellous invention, and old John Wanamaker used to speak of it as one of those simple things of which civilisation may be proud.

But presently another political party came into office, and the new Postmaster-General, for reasons of his own, or, as some people say, for purely Party reasons, ordered the tubes to be discontinued.

It was as if somebody in this country had ordered the trains to cease running, and the coach to return; but America had to grin and bear it. From that day till a few weeks ago miles of tubes have been lying idle in the darkness of the earth, while the streets of cities like New York and Philadelphia became more and more congested and the delivery of letters suffered avoidable delay.

#### Pneumatic Tubes for London

These things are possible in America. Over there the Post Office is regarded as an opportunity for political patronage, and even local postmasters come and go with a change of parties. Thus it has come about that, while one rival party destroyed the tubes, another rival party has revived the pneumatic tubes, and many people in America, whatever their politics, are now rejoicing in a greatly accelerated service of letters.

We record this return to sanity on the part of the American Post Office in the hope that our own G.P.O., under our very businesslike Postmaster-General, may soon institute a service of pneumatic tubes in London. We are entitled to ask why our letters and parcels should enjoy the luxury of travelling above ground while we have to descend to a tube to get quickly from one part of London to another. We should like to see the state of things reversed.

Perhaps Mr. Neville Chamberlain will consider whether he has not here an excellent opportunity for lessening the sad numbers of our unemployed.



## PIT-BOY M.P. BEGINNING WORK AT A PENNY AN HOUR

### Miner Who Loved the Lark and Wrote Poetry

### A MOTHER'S SURPRISE

One of the interesting men on the Labour side of the House of Commons is Mr. James Welsh, the miner-poet, whose maiden speech attracted much attention a week or two ago.

He was born in a miner's house in the little village of Haywood, in Lanarkshire, one of a family of twelve; and when he was eleven, and in the fifth standard, he was set to work at the pithead at a shilling a day. As a little lad of twelve, he was sent down the mine and had to work twelve hours a day for 1s. 3d.

At one time seven of the family lived in one room, and on washing days, if the weather were wet, this room had to serve as washing-room, dining-room, and sleeping-room. But in time the oldest son was able to go to work, and his extra wages allowed the father to take a second room.

Twelve hours down a dark pit and twelve hours in such a home would seem hardly favourable conditions for the spirit of poetry; but there was poetry somewhere in James Welsh's heart, and one day a skylark awakened it.

When he was 12 or 13 he saw and heard a skylark. He had seen and heard one often before; but this time, as he listened and watched, the wonder and beauty of it all flashed upon him.

### A Marvellous Thing

It seemed to him the most marvellous thing he had ever known, and, remembering that he had read a poem about a skylark a few days before, he tried to put his feelings into poetry, and wrote a few verses.

Not long after he tore his coat, and when his mother started to mend it the poem fell out of the pocket. In fear and trembling he watched his mother slowly read the verses; but when she had finished the poem his mother smiled, and asked who the poet might be. The boy confessed that he had written the lines, and his mother exclaimed: "Well, d'ye know, I think it's grand!"

So encouraged, he persevered in the new art, always showing his poems to his mother, and always feeling that if his verses pleased and satisfied her they might pass with the outside world. Not until he was 18, however, was his first poem printed in a local paper.

In 1917, Mr. Welsh published a volume of poems entitled *Songs of a Miner*, which has had a sale of 5000 copies, and in 1920 he brought out a story of pit life called *The Underworld*.

And now the pit-lad has become not only a well-known poet and novelist, but an M.P. The C.N. wishes him many happy years of useful and happy life.

## A RIVAL OF SAMSON

### Carrying Off the Gates

We all know how Samson tore up the gates of Gaza and carried them off, but until quite recently no one, as far as we knew, had emulated his feat.

Now, however, we hear of some unknown Samson who has been carrying off great gates from London Town. Three iron gates have disappeared—at Mortimer Street, at Vauxhall Bridge Road, and Torrington Place in Holborn. The Torrington Place gates were secured by a chain and padlock, and weighed about four hundredweights.

Who carried them off? And why? And how? Thieves have been known to specialise in Adam mantelpieces or Old Masters; and in former days the students of a northern university used to collect door-knockers; but what would anybody do with an iron gate weighing four hundredweights?

The theft, if theft it be, and the reason and the manner of the theft, continue to remain very mysterious.

## UNEXPECTED PERIL OF WIRELESS

### WILL BROADCASTING BECOME A DANGER?

Need for Parliament to Protect  
Our Boys and Girls

### LISTENING-IN IN PUBLIC- HOUSES

It is an extraordinary and disheartening fact that science, striving to increase our welfare, is often turned against us. It now renders necessary a new effort to save girls and boys from drink.

Parliament is being asked to raise from 14 to 18 years the age at which young people may be served with drink in public-houses, and wireless is the latest fear to urge on this good movement.

Masters of our great schools, churches, chapels, many M.P.s, many municipalities, and nearly all the chief constables are in favour of forbidding young Britain to go into bars to get drink.

The danger has always existed, but the new wireless facilities for entertainment with listening-in sets have added to the peril, for wireless sets are installed in public-houses and employed as a new lure to go in and drink, and anyone over 14 may do so.

### Saving a Great Invention

Mr. Lewis Paton, the famous headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, recently saw a public-house placard bearing the notice: "Come and listen-in. Concerts nightly. All the big fights round by round." Mr. Paton rightly predicts that betting will accompany the wireless description of these prize-fights, and that from that the odds on horse-racing will be broadcasted for people in public-houses to hear and gamble upon.

So, suddenly, this new wonder of science, a great contribution to the possibilities of innocent and healthy amusement, becomes a snare and temptation to our growing boys and girls. It is earnestly to be hoped that the wireless authorities themselves will join the movement to keep broadcasting free from this stain, and that Parliament will, without delay, forbid the giving of wireless entertainments in taprooms.

This perversion of a noble gift of science to an evil use may serve a useful purpose if it brings home to the Government, as it has brought home to the consciences of thinking people of all classes, the grave peril of tempting young people into public-houses. Parliament should act quickly, or we shall all have reason to regret that wireless broadcasting was ever permitted.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE EYES

### The Danger of Glare

Mr. A. E. Bawtree, chemist and physicist, who has been lecturing to the Royal Photographic Society, expressed the belief that mankind is being blinded by electric light, and that it would be a good thing if the civilised world would return to candles.

He points out that 50 per cent. of middle-class men, 20 per cent. of middle-class women, and a large number of children wear spectacles, and he believes that most of the defects of vision are mainly due to the intensity of electric light and to its ultra-violet rays.

Mr. Bawtree's theory is very interesting, and there is, no doubt, much truth in what he says; but we think it possible that he exaggerates the dangers of electric light. Defects of vision such as short-sightedness were increasing before the introduction of electric light; and the Red Indian and Arab, both constantly exposed to intense light containing abundance of ultra-violet rays, have usually excellent eyesight. On the other hand, defects of vision are quite common in those who live in badly lighted rooms, and who are obliged to pore over their books or work.

## TIME'S WHIRLIGIG JUSTICE TO A BRAVE WOMAN

The Immense Improvement in  
Our Pleasure-houses

### A CRUSADE OF LONG AGO

We noted the death of Mrs. Ormiston Chant last week, but cannot refrain from giving these notes from a correspondent.

The whirligig of Time brings its revenges. Mrs. Ormiston Chant has left us amid a chorus of regret and unstinted tributes to her courage, her good sense, and her nobility of purpose. Yet twenty or thirty years ago she was the butt of every vulgar comedian on the stage, and every vulgar loon wasting his nights in the London music halls.

She did what few men or women would have dared to do. She denounced certain music halls of that day as haunts of vulgarity and vice. All the forces of abuse and ridicule were turned upon her by a low-minded rabble of the public, even by stage managements, by players, and too often by writers in the Press. Any red-nosed clown on the stage was sure of a roar of laughter and cheers if only he made some infamous allusion to this brave woman.

Yet in the end she beat them all. She caused drink-bars to be separated from the auditorium in our music halls, and she banished many evils that had become closely associated with our public entertainments.

### The Halls that Have Gone

And the curious and splendid fact is that the lesson she courageously taught has turned greatly to the advantage and betterment of the halls. They found that respectability in the audience and less vulgarity on the stage are well worth while, because they pay. They had to admit that Mrs. Chant was right.

Today not a single hall of the old type survives in London, and we owe this wonderful reform to Mrs. Chant. Not that the stage is all that it should be—there is far too much vulgarity and swearing on it still, compelling many people to stay away from theatres, and making others uneasy when they go. But, in the main, the stage is clean compared with those days. Unmasked vulgarity no longer pays as a consistent policy, and we all marvel that the old programmes were suffered so long.

Mrs. Chant, who did this great thing for the nation, was a remarkable woman, teacher, preacher, composer, author—a dauntless war nurse in perilous fields, a devoted wife and mother, a brilliant citizen; and her memory is honoured today where once her name was a by-word of low comedians.

## TERRIBLE EFFECT OF A SHOCK

### Man Loses His Sight

During the war we heard much about shell-shock and learned how emotions of horror and fear can render men deaf, or dumb, or blind; but even in times of peace there are shocks severe enough to deprive men of their senses, and at Leicester the other day a motor driver who had run down and killed a three-year-old child was so horrified that he became completely blind.

Happily such effects of shock are not permanent, and the driver, who was not to blame, will probably recover.

## DROWNED ON AN ENGINE

### Extraordinary Accident

An extraordinary accident has just occurred at Milford Haven.

A light engine returning to a ship-building yard had to cross a thirty-foot turn-bridge. By some mistake the bridge was left open, and the engine plunged into the waves.

Two men—the driver, Ivor Morgan, and a workman—managed to slip out of the engine just as it reached the water and to swim ashore, but two other men were imprisoned and drowned.

## ABRAHAM'S TOWN

### DISCOVERY IN UR OF THE CHALDEES

Ancient Temple that was  
Referred to by Nebuchadnezzar

### OLDER THAN TUTANKHAMEN

It has been announced that an expedition sent by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania has discovered an ancient temple at Ur.

The discovery does not sound so dramatic as the discovery of Tutankhamen sleeping among his treasures in the sepulchre in the lonely Valley of the Kings, but it is of even greater historical interest and importance. Ur is believed to have been the birthplace of Abraham about 2300 B.C.

Babylonia was the cradle of civilisation so far as we know. Long before Cheops built his Great Pyramid Babylonia was a civilised nation. There are Babylonian records in the British Museum dating about 4200 B.C., which show that even at that early period this ancient nation had reached a high standard of culture. They had passed the stage of pictorial and hieroglyphic writing, and had reached the much higher stage of what is called cuneiform writing—a system of arrow-headed letters. Not only their writing, but their art and architecture, and even their science, showed that they were far removed from a state of barbarism.

### A Literary People

The Babylonians were essentially a literary people, and seem, thousands of years ago, to have had libraries and a sort of educational system, while at an early date they became a great commercial nation. In law also they seem to have been very advanced, for as long ago as 2100 B.C. their great king Hammurabi compiled a legal code.

The religious tablets of Babylonia contain stories of Creation and of a Flood, both stories closely resembling those of the Bible; but the Babylonians worshipped many gods.

The ancient temple just discovered seems to have been built about 3000 B.C. and to have been repaired by Nebuchadnezzar. It was called the Temple of Light, and was a great centre of ritual and worship. At first only the Moon was worshipped; but later five Babylonian kings were deified and included in its gods.

In 1854 Mr. J. H. Taylor unearthed the temple towers of the moon god and discovered some inscribed cylinders; but it is possible that the excavators who have now uncovered the main body of the ancient temple will soon come upon one of the most valuable libraries ever found.

## A TAILOR AND HIS SILVER

### The Man Who Loved the Museum

Collectors, like poets, seem to be born rather than made, and at the age of 16 Herbert Smith, of Blackheath, started collecting old china.

By hard work and thrift he saved enough money to open a tailor's shop, and with the profits of his tailoring he gradually increased his collection and added old silver, brasses, copper, furniture, and books on art.

His knowledge of old silver was acquired in the quiet hours of Sunday afternoons, when he loved to stroll through the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington; and there he found a gap in the collections, certain examples of old Irish and English silver not being shown.

Herbert Smith started to collect these for himself, and at his death, which has just taken place, he has bequeathed to the museum a wonderful little collection of the pieces of silver it needs.



## THE HOUSE PROBLEM

### WHAT THE RENT QUESTION IS ABOUT

Trouble Arising Through a Badly Written Law

LET US ALL BE HONEST

By Our Political Correspondent

In many parts of the country great difficulties have arisen about rent, and it is high time everybody began to think about the subject with sincerity, honesty, and kindness.

The difficulty arose during the war, when the building of houses slackened and there was far too little house-room. Then the dearness of materials for building made houses so costly that rents became very high. The want of houses made it very difficult for anyone to change from house to house, and as trade grew worse and unemployment spread the growing poverty made the paying of rent almost impossible in large numbers of cases.

These changes, which were effects of the war directly or indirectly, unsettled the rent question, and it was not made more simple, but rather worse, by Parliament trying to regulate it.

#### A Harassing Business

The increase of rents was restricted by law, and was then allowed only in certain proportions; and one of the Rent Acts was so badly expressed that it did not have the effect which Parliament meant it to have. The result of these difficulties and changes and muddlings, due to the carelessness of well-paid officials and of members of Parliament, is that letting and hiring houses, and paying and receiving house-rent, has become so disturbed that the very last business that anyone would now wish to be connected with is the owning of house property. To be either a landlord or a tenant has become often equally harassing.

What is wanted more than anything else is that everybody should look fairly at the question and see what honesty requires. That is equally needed by those who rent houses to live in, and those who build and let houses to be lived in by others.

#### Benefiting the Public

If people who have to pay rent do not act reasonably and honestly, but give trouble and harass the house-owners, house-building will involve an intolerable strain and will be avoided, and the suffering of the unfortunate owner will be followed by the suffering of the inconsiderate tenant, who will be less and less able to get a house.

The tenant should realise that millions of houses have been bought or built as an honest investment by thrifty people depending on the rent for their living; and that large numbers of these house-owners are benefiting the public by having used their savings in providing houses. No part of the community is more deserving of sympathy than many of these property owners.

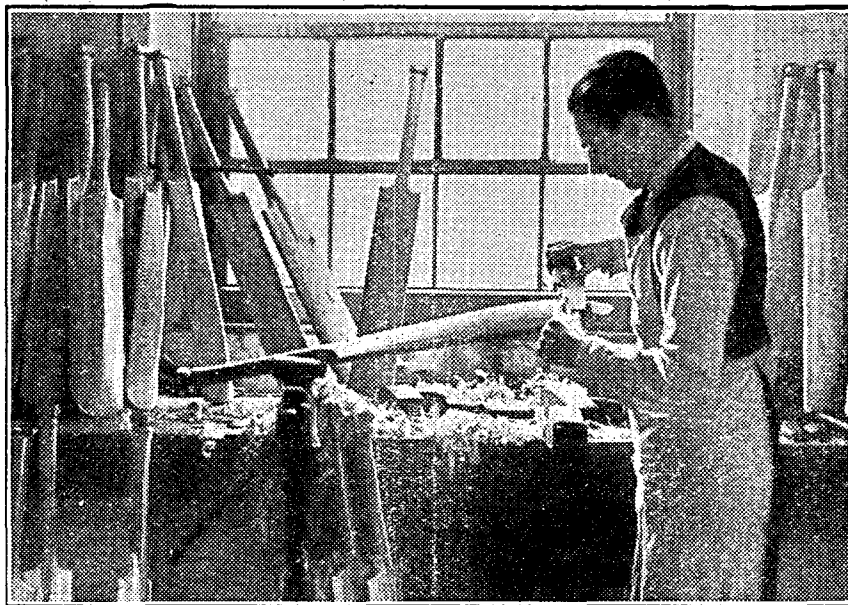
#### A Difficult Question

To a considerable extent they have lost immediate control of their property, and many have been impoverished. Some, having houses of their own let to others, are unable to find houses to live in themselves.

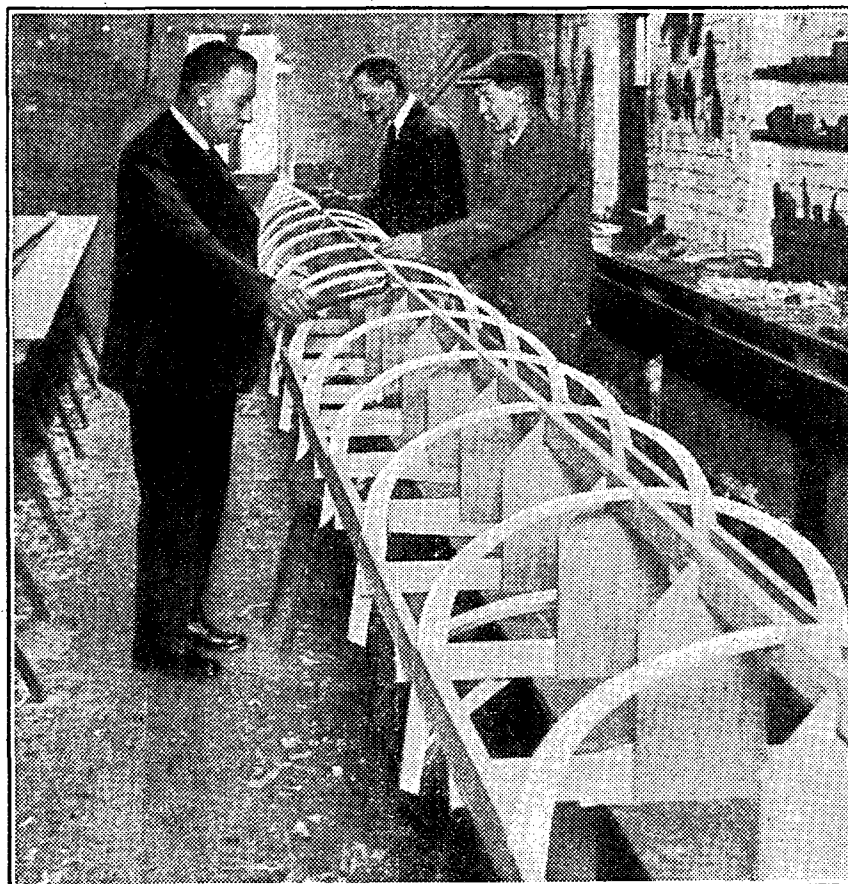
The whole housing question, as it affects house-owners and tenants, is one demanding mutual sympathy and understanding, frankness and honesty. "No rent" movements mean inconsiderateness and dishonesty, with worse conditions for tenants in the future when house-owning has become an avoided business.

It may be held that every family has a right to a suitable house, but it has not a right, of course, to a house at the expense of anybody who happens to be its owner. No public question goes down more immediately to the foundations of honesty than the rent question as it arises today.

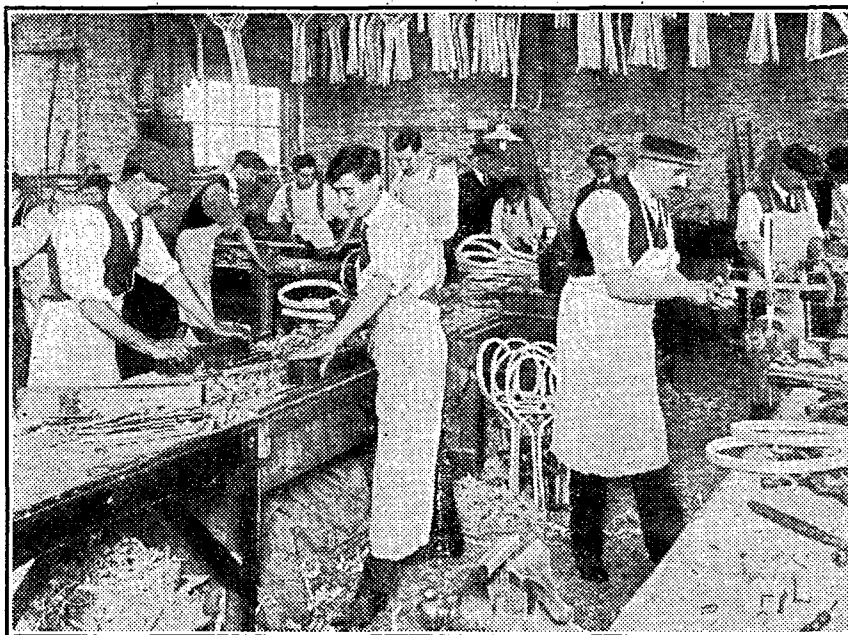
## SUMMER WILL BE CUMEN IN



Making cricket-bats—a workman trimming a blade



Getting ready for the Boat Race—building Oxford's new boat



Making tennis racquets by the hundred

Already there is great activity in preparing for the coming summer's games, and all the factories where bats and balls and racquets and oars are made are now very busy. Rowing boats, too, are being built, including those which will be used in the University Boat Race

## WAR OF THE ROSES

### BULGARIA AND FRANCE

Story of One of the Rarest Perfumes

### TONS OF FLOWERS FOR A QUART OF SCENT

A curious warfare has been going on for some years, and is still going on, between the roses of Bulgaria and the roses of France.

The reason is that the Bulgarian roses, hitherto the chief source of the perfume known as otto of rose, now have a rival in the roses of France.

Otto of rose, one of the rarest and most costly of perfumes, is made by distilling the essential oil from rose petals.

This oil, or, as it is called, otto, is a wonderful example of Nature's chemistry, and is known to contain over thirty different constituents, each of which contributes a certain quality to the perfume. Some of these are in such minute quantities as almost to defy analysis, and there are still some elements of the otto awaiting discovery.

#### Growing Roses for Scent

The complicated nature of otto of rose makes it impossible to reproduce it artificially, though many attempts have been made to do so.

Until recently it was thought that no otto of rose could compare with that made from the Bulgarian flowers, and Bulgaria supplied practically the whole world with the perfume. Feeling secure against competition, however, she traded on her reputation, and in recent years began to export adulterated otto of rose.

Meanwhile, France, a country famous for its perfumes, determined to make otto of rose that would be as good as, if not better than, the Bulgarian product. The first step was taken by the rose-growers, who took possession of all the best and most suitable districts of the South of France, where they set to work to cultivate roses rich in oil, with a strong and beautiful perfume, which bloom over a long period.

#### Distilling the Perfume

Some idea of how precious the otto is may be gained from the fact that it takes two or three tons of flowers to make a quart of otto.

Perfumery experts and chemists then joined in the work; the most elaborate and delicate stills and other appliances were invented, embodying the most modern scientific principles. Bulgaria to this day makes use of the original rude stills with which she started.

Only one kind of rose is used by the Bulgarian manufacturers. They had been for so long the chief and almost the only distillers of otto that they did not dream of trying to improve upon it. But France makes her perfume from many different varieties, each with a distinctive character, so that a choice may be made of one's favourite rose.

Today France, like the tortoise of the fable, is at the winning-post, and Bulgaria is left far behind.

## BEASTS OF PREY

### Vigorous War on Animals in U.S.A.

Such a vigorous campaign for the destruction of beasts of prey and rodents is being waged by the United States Department of Agriculture that the wolves and bears must be having a poor time.

Last year scalps or skins of more than 30,000 predatory animals were obtained, including 687 grey wolves, 27,185 coyotes, 2827 bobcats and Canada lynxes, 173 mountain lions, and 114 bears, and it is believed that at least 50,000 additional coyotes were killed by poison baits. Great numbers of jack rabbits were also destroyed—640,050 in Idaho alone.

As a result of this work it is estimated that crops and livestock to the value of over £2,000,000 have been saved.



## DO NOT LAUGH AT THE RAINMAKERS

### PROFESSOR'S WARNING TO THE DOUBTERS

300,000 Million Horse Power Always at Work

#### WHY THE RAIN FALLS

A serious and scientific attempt to bring down rain from the clouds is being made at the U.S. Army Air Station at Dayton, in Ohio—where Wilbur Wright and his aeroplane came from. The experiments are being made under the direction of Professor Bancroft, of Cornell University.

Many people are inclined to make fun of the rain-makers, but, as a distinguished American scientist, Professor James Mayberry of the Kansas State Normal School, has just pointed out, such levity is misplaced.

"Do not poke fun at the rain-makers," he says; "they are scientifically right in their contentions, and some day rain-making will be as practical as aviation."

#### The Example of Flying

The warning is timely, and possibly before long those who have laughed at the rain-makers will themselves be laughed at for having branded themselves as men of little faith in matters scientific.

It must be remembered that all the great advances in science have been preceded by years, and sometimes by centuries, of unsuccessful experiment. Flying is a striking example of this. Twenty years ago the world as a whole laughed at the men who were trying to fly. Such a thing was impossible; it was against Nature, and none but cranks would make the attempt, it was said.

Now even babies fly, and business men travel backwards and forwards across the Channel by aeroplane, or, taking to the air, chase railway trains and steamships they have missed, and think no more of it than they used to think of a ride in a tramcar.

#### Water Vapour in the Air

The rain-makers are working on a thoroughly scientific basis. So far their methods have not proved practicable on a very large scale, but they have made rain on a small scale artificially, and it is simply a matter of discovering a cheap process for rain-making to become one of the ordinary commonplaces of life.

There is always a great deal of water vapour in the air, the quantity depending largely upon the temperature. The hotter the air the more vapour it can hold.

It has been estimated that if all the water evaporated did not return to the earth the oceans would be dried up in about 3000 years; and that the energy necessary to evaporate the water that rises regularly and carry it up 3000 feet, the average height from which rain falls, is equal to 300,000 million horse-power, working all the time.

Now, if the air at a given temperature is holding all the water vapour it can contain it is said to be saturated, and with any lowering of the temperature some of the vapour must condense into drops of water. As more and more vapour condenses the drops form clouds; and if the tiny drops become larger and are too heavy to remain suspended they fall as rain.

#### Condensing the Moisture

It is exactly this process that the rain-makers try to imitate. Most of them have a secret formula, but ammonia gas is their chief weapon against drought. They compress ammonia gas, and then shoot it into the air. The gas at once expands, and in doing so takes up heat from the atmosphere. The air becomes cooler, and water vapour is condensed into drops, and sometimes falls as rain.

The rain-makers' difficulty, however, is not to produce rain, but to cool an area large enough to produce heavy rains that will meet the farmer's needs. When they have done that they will have solved the problem of drought.

## THE AMAZING SPEEDS OF NATURE

### METEOR'S 90,000 MILES AN HOUR

Seven Times Round the World in a Second

#### WHERE MAN LAGS BEHIND

Speed, Malise, speed...  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Burst down like torrent from its crest.

These lines, and the whole stanza to which they belong, come to mind as we read Sir Ernest Rutherford's Royal Institution lecture on comparative velocities in the realm of physics.

His figures have little meaning for us unless we can have a standard by which to compare them, and so he turns us back to Sir Walter Scott.

There is no more vigorous picture in the language of physical effort devoted to striving, urgent speed than that in the third canto of *The Lady of the Lake*, in which we see Malise bursting away to raise the fiery cross for Roderick Dhu.

#### An Aeroplane's Speed

Then we ask ourselves what result all this haste and vehemence in climbing and gallant running produced. Scott tells us that the feats of these men who bore the war signal from clan to clan were prodigious; and that upon one occasion, during the civil war of 1745, the fiery cross passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of 32 miles, in three hours.

That is magnificent for any relay of runners, and would probably be difficult to better over similar country today. But how does it stand when contrasted with the speed of things which men make? Sir Ernest tells us.

He gives his figures in kilometres, a kilometre being rather more than half a mile—five-eighths.

The velocity of a swift-flying aeroplane is about one-sixth of a kilometre per second; that of a shell about one kilometre per second; that of the edge of the rotating disc of a turbine half a kilometre a second.

In giving the speed of an aeroplane as one-sixth of a kilometre per second, Sir Ernest must have referred to special tests, not to practical flying.

#### The Swiftest Things We Can Make

Those are the swiftest things we are able to produce. Then the lecturer turned to the skies to measure the rate of travel by meteors. These, he says, travel 40 kilometres a second.

We can now form our small ladder. Scott's fleet bearers of the fiery cross travelled at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and we will reduce the other speeds also to miles, remembering that the professor's figures for the aeroplane are not yet realised.

Man	10 an hour
Aeroplane	375 an hour
Turbine	1125 an hour
Shell	2250 an hour
Meteor	90,000 an hour

Of course these higher velocities are only taken for testing purposes for a moment or two.

Indeed, the meteor that we see flame in the sky lasts in its visible journey only one second. It has travelled 25 miles from the moment we see it until it vanishes.

#### How Electricity Travels

So the mechanism of man utterly eclipses the striving legs of the speedy Malise, and the meteor is 40 times as swift as our fastest shell. There is something still speedier, however—light and electricity.

Both these travel inconceivably faster than the shooting star—186,000 miles a second. It would take a shell—supposing such a thing possible—over ten hours to circle the world; but an electric current in one second can travel a distance equal to nearly seven and a half times the circumference of the world.

So, speed they never so swiftly, Malise and his brethren must ever lag in the rear of Nature's own coursers.

## THE BLUE JACKETS OF LIBERTY

### STILL FIGHTING SLAVERY

The Laughing English Face Looking Over the Gate

#### JUNGLE VILLAGES

Not so very long ago an English war-ship signalled to an Arab dhow to stop. The Eastern craft was soon boarded by a party of bluejackets. There had been rumours of slave-trading, and the Navy was keeping a sharp look-out.

In this case the search revealed nothing suspicious, and the sailors were just leaving when one caught his boot in a ring on the deck, and fell. In falling he pulled up a sort of trap-door, and instantly many little brown arms were thrust out.

There is no need to add that the poor slave-children were rescued, and the crew of the dhow arrested. This incident prepares us for another, the story of the raid on Witu, which has recently been told by the man who was High Commissioner of that part of East Africa at the time.

#### Marching Through the Jungle

Some outlaws, whose business was slave-trading and village raiding, had built themselves a stockaded town in an almost impenetrable forest. All about them the country was deserted and laid waste. The British Navy was sent to put an end to their evil ways.

The sailors marched through tall grass and through jungle. They were suffering from thirst and from the venomous bites of red ants and mosquitoes. Every now and then a shot was fired at them, but they never caught sight of anything more human than the great baboons in the branches overhead.

As they advanced the invaders were more hotly attacked by the invisible enemy. At last they reached a stockade built of tree trunks. A gun was fired at close quarters, and under cover of the smoke the boatswain ran forward, stuffed a big charge of gun-cotton in the timbers of the gate, lit his fuse, and beat a hasty retreat. The gate was blown down, and the sailors rushed in.

#### The Empty Village

A second stockaded village was found; it was empty, but this was not discovered till afterwards. Once more preparations were made to blow up the gate, and as the boatswain ran back from his lighted fuse, a cry of horror arose. *Over the top of the gate appeared a laughing English face!*

A sailor had found his way into the town from the back. There was no time for escape. In a second his friends would see him blown to pieces.

But nothing happened. It is amusing to know that the boatswain was afterwards reprimanded for having used a defective fuse.

#### BUXTON STREET

### Bulgaria Honours Two Englishmen

It is not given to many men to walk in a foreign land down a street named after them; but that is an experience which has just occurred to two distinguished Englishmen.

A street in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, has been named Buxton Street in honour of two English brothers, Noel and Charles Roden Buxton, who for many years have championed the cause of the Bulgarian people.

Noel and Charles Buxton are both members of Parliament, and have written many books on Eastern questions. During the war they visited the Balkans to try to persuade the Bulgarians to join the Allies, and were both shot by a Turk, and seriously wounded. It is pleasant to know that they afterwards visited the Turk in prison, and became on friendly terms with him.

## ALL EUROPE IN DANGER

### IS THE CONTINENT TO BE BALKANISED?

What Sort of a World are We to Grow Up in?

#### THE CERTAIN WAY TO POVERTY

The Balkan Peninsula is a beautiful land which should be flowing with milk and honey and providing millions of happy homes for contented peoples.

It is abundantly blessed by Nature. Some of its towns were great and prosperous in ancient times. It stretches from the Danube to the Aegean Sea, from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. It has splendid ports and waterways. Yet its peoples are miserably poor. Why is it?

The answer is that Balkan poverty is the result of centuries of almost continuous war. We could have no better example of the great truth that neither the victor nor the vanquished gains by war.

#### A Land Without Tools

A traveller skilled in hardware, who spent three years of war time in the Balkans and now describes his experiences in our contemporary, *The Ironmonger*, shows how backward are the people in the use of the most elementary tools and contrivances.

Even in a village close to Salonika he found little but dirt and dilapidation. There was only one agricultural implement, a plough in a state of decay. Elsewhere in this district he found it hard to find even hardware cooking utensils. In agriculture primitive wooden ploughs drawn by oxen were used. Apparently the Macedonians today are worse off even than the Children of Israel under the Philistines, for mattocks and other tools were mentioned in the Bible.

Village after village in the Balkans revealed the same lack of tools and implements. Even the churches were almost destitute of metal, and were using crosses made of wood.

#### No Hardware Shops

Serbia was found to be even more squalid and poverty-stricken than Macedonia. Bulgaria, although much more prosperous than Serbia, still uses primitive tools, and much unnecessary labour has therefore to be done. In two Bulgarian towns there were no hardware shops, and the only stocks to be found were some poor scissors and razors, some cheap locks, and a few rusty wire nails.

Need we wonder that there, in a country which is in many parts so wonderfully fertile, where grapes, peaches, apricots, figs, melons, maize, tobacco, and cotton can be grown in abundance, there is so much poverty? Commerce has been checked again and again, and the Great War has accentuated the results of long-continued folly and neglect.

#### Europe's Danger

It is well for us to consider the condition of the Balkans because there is great danger of the whole of Europe becoming Balkanised. Everywhere the currents of trade have been cut off and men's work has been rendered futile. Soldiers are prancing where men should be working. New political boundary lines have been drawn, each of which does something to prevent people from doing their customary labour.

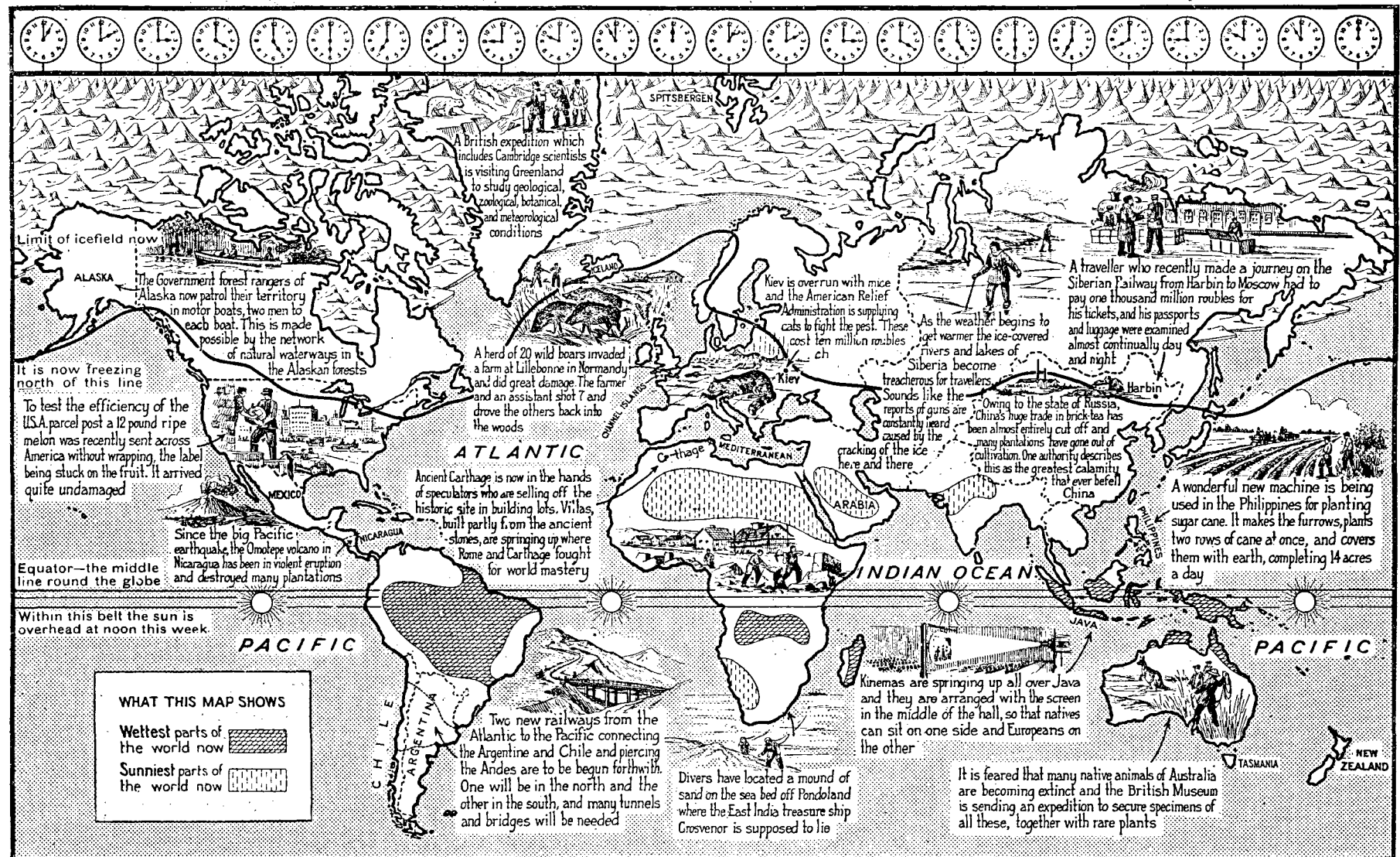
Thus poverty is being deliberately manufactured before our eyes, with results which will be felt for generations. Over great areas children are either needlessly dying or being reared with so little food that they can never become strong men and women.

All this is true, let us try to realise, not merely of thousands, or of tens of thousands, but of *tens of millions*. Never since ancient days was there more need for the prayer:

Give Peace in our time



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



## HERO OF A FLOOD

## Man Who Saved Four Lives

A splendid tale of heroism in a great flood comes from New Zealand.

One day a huge wall of water rushed down the Paparod Valley carrying all before it, and many people were washed away by the torrent. A man named Chapman arrived on the scene, to find several people clinging to the wreckage in the river.

He plunged in, and managed to bring to the bank two men clinging to a log. But a woman and her child were still left clinging to a tree, and Chapman turned back to rescue these.

He swam out into the middle of the river, but found that he could not rescue the woman without first fetching a plank. So he went back a second time, got a plank, and started to tow it out to the woman and child.

The rope broke, but he succeeded in mending it, and eventually with its aid he managed to rescue first the child and then the mother.

The King has awarded Chapman the Albert Medal.

## A QUART OF BEETLES

## How to Make a Living on a Sugar-Cane Farm

One of the most destructive of all insects to the farmer in Australia is the cane beetle, which is still playing havoc on the sugar-cane farms.

Recently, at Norham, in North Queensland, a sugar-cane farmer gave a contract to a man to catch cane beetles at eighteen pence a quart, and the beetle-catcher made £9 in three days. Another man caught 1647 quarts of beetles in 25 days.

The high prices paid in order to destroy these beetles give us an idea of the amount of destruction wrought by the hordes of these insects.

## BOY WHO WON HIS WAY

## A Little Adventure of the Siege of Paris

Few men can have had a more romantic adventure in their boyhood than Mr. Claud Challis, of Cook's, who has lately died in London.

Mr. Challis was brought up in Dieppe, where he learned to speak French like a native; and he then came to England and started life as a clerk in a railway booking-office. But one day during the Franco-German War he met Mr. Cook, the founder of the famous tourist firm, and a great chance came to him.

Mr. Cook was complaining that he could get no one to go with him to take food through the German lines to the starving British colony in Paris. Challis, who was only 17 or 18, volunteered to go, and, as he knew the country, Mr. Cook agreed to take him.

They crossed the Channel to Dieppe, where they hired a cart and a driver, and they then set out for Paris with a big store of provisions. Challis knew the road well, and fortune favoured them, so that they succeeded in breaking through the siege, to find the British colony in Paris in desperation, actually living on rats.

## RUBBER HOUSES

## Bricks More Buoyant than Cork

A house the walls of which are built of rubber is a coming novelty in the architectural world.

A factory is being built at Lincoln for manufacturing the new substance, which is made from vulcanised rubber expanded by gas under great pressure. It is three times as buoyant as cork, but wonderfully strong.

The name Onazote has been given to the new rubber brick.

## TWO AUDIENCES AS ONE

## Remarkable Telephone Feat

A remarkable instance of the adaptability of the telephone comes from America, where the other day it united two audiences in two different cities, making them as one.

A paper was read to an audience of electrical engineers in New York; and listened to not only by the New York audience, but at the same time by another audience in Chicago. By means of a two-way speaking telephone and loud-speaking sound projectors, the lantern slides shown by the lecturer were explained in the distant city.

The two audiences, 900 miles apart, mingled their laughter and applause, and it was only the fact that they could not see each other that prevented them from feeling themselves actually one and the same.

## GOING BLIND IN BRADFORD

## A Terrible Item of News

A new institution has been opened for the blind of Bradford, and it has accommodation for 400 people. But blindness in middle age is increasing in this rich city, and every month seven more unfortunate victims are added to the list of Bradford blind. At that rate the institution will be filled twice over in ten years.

It seems that the blindness is chiefly due to the intricacy of the machinery used in Bradford mills, but, however intricate machinery may be, it should surely be possible to take measures to prevent it from destroying sight. Seven people blinded in Bradford every month is a very tragical matter.

## AMERICA'S MILKY WAY

## Super-Cows and Their Marvels

The British farmer is justly proud of his flocks and herds, and new countries across the seas, North and South America, Australia, and South Africa, all import British animals to improve their stocks.

The American breeder aims higher still, and is producing some wonderful results, just as the American fruit farmer is ambitiously producing giant gooseberries and seedless fruits.

For example, there is Baby Beef, a name meant to indicate meat from cattle bred specially to yield beef as tender as lamb. And now we have news of super-cows, which are specially bred to yield milk in quite incredible quantities.

The super-cow is the work of the United States Department of Agriculture, a very efficient Government Department, whose business it is to improve American farming. In the beautiful State of Maryland the Department has, on one of its experimental farms, a herd of six cows which have actually produced enough milk to provide 340 children with a pint a day each for every day in the year.

It seems, too, that the experiments prove that these specially bred cows give not only more milk but cheaper milk in return for their keep.

The British farmer and the British cow certainly ought to be put on their mettle by these records from the American Milky Way.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Bruges	Broozh
Contances	Koo-tahns
Dieppe	De-ep
Ghent	Gent
Loughborough	Luf-bur-o
Macon	Mah-kon
Osiris	O-si-ris
Paderewski	Pad-er-ef-ske
Panuco	Pah-noo-ko
Tampico	Tahm-pe-ko
Zimbabwe	Zee-m-bahb-way



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 10 1923

## Little Nest of Nightingales

MR. PERCY SCHOLES, one of our most scholarly writers on music, has just had a fine tilt at a certain Italian gentleman named Signor Rizzini.

Because Opera with a big O does not flourish in the British Islands, Signor Rizzini has dismissed us as a nation of no musical account. He would persuade the Continent that, so far as music goes, we are really quite a third-rate people.

But Mr. Scholes, who knows all there is to know about British music, very quietly, very calmly, but very emphatically, places Britain at the top of all the nations in the world who are real lovers of music.

In doing this he reveals a very interesting fact of which our great newspapers seldom speak, so busy are they with all that is bad or miserable or sordid in British life. He speaks of the musical genius of our working people and of the way they devote their leisure to music.

He tells of musical festivals attended by ten thousand people. He claims that the working-man's brass band reaches "an amazing pitch of technical excellence." He speaks of choirs, choral societies, and glee clubs composed of factory girls, miners, and humble people generally, who sing nothing but the finest music, and sing it superbly. He speaks of our Church music, and the great movement to make music a living part of school education.

What other nation possesses a democracy so fond of singing? We find musical stars of great magnitude in Italy, Germany, and Russia; but are the common people of those lands in the ordinary normal days of their lives singing at their work, singing in their homes, and singing in their hearts? A recent conference on Education in England has voted that music can elevate the mind and ennoble the soul as greatly as literature, and has recommended the Government to make it an essential part of national education. In what other country could such a vote be taken?

It seems as if our people had never forgotten the lovely thought of one of the purest English composers of the sixteenth century, our good William Byrd, who gave us madrigals, and who said:

Since Singing is so good a thing  
I wish all men would learn to sing.

We can do without the warbling tenor and the prima-donna beplastered with diamonds in Grand Opera so long as we have a common people singing the music of Purcell and Arne and Byrd as the thrushes sing in our gardens and the nightingales in our woods.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## England

WHO does not like that little story which has just been told again of some American travellers on an English railway? One of them was throwing an old paper out of the train when another checked him by saying, "Ah, don't spoil England!"

Don't spoil England! We would say it to ourselves and to all, to every boy and girl who ever littered a street, to every picnic party that ever spoiled a field, to every road-hog that ever drove a motor in an English lane, to every business man who ever put up an ugly advertisement in our countryside, to every builder who ever built a hideous house, to everyone, in schools or on papers, in pulpits or parliaments, who ever spoiled the name or stained the fame of England. Let us keep her pure. Let us make her great.

## The Two Paderewskis

HERE are two portraits of a famous man—Paderewski, before the war and after.

In the happier days of the world he gave his life to music; and we see the gentle influences of music in his face.

Since the war he has given his life to politics; and we see the change



Then

Now

that has come about in those stern and tragic times that have fallen to Poland, his native land.

Perhaps some of us like both faces, perhaps some like better the face so full of energy and stress. We do not say. But is it not a striking and curious comparison, with something in it of the shadow of these dark years?

## Coke and Hay

How true it is that the world moves slowly! Yet surely the Police Commissioner, or the London County Council, or somebody with some power somewhere, could quicken it up.

Night after night, morning after morning, London is slowed down by crawling carts and vans in the middle of her streets. The other night our bus crept slowly through the Strand, in the busiest hours of traffic, behind a huge load of coke, and the patient driver of the bus, ingeniously manoeuvring past the coke, was held up next by a load of hay!

Splendid things both; but should they be crawling through the Strand, holding up thousands of people, when everybody is going home?

## Black Beauty

A MAN convicted in America for overloading a horse received a very unusual sentence. The judge ordered him to read the famous book, Black Beauty, in which, it will be remembered, a horse tells the story of its life.

Black Beauty has much to say on the subject of masters, good and bad, and it is to be hoped her eloquent plea for the fair treatment of horses will result in better treatment for the poor horse in this case.

## Tip-Cat

A GROWN-UP newspaper informs us that "there is a place called Ireland." We seem to have heard of it.

"ALL England under the weather" is a news-heading. But England always gets over it.

If we would be happy, writes a philosopher, we must forget our rights. Wouldn't it be better to forget our wrongs?

THE high cost of living is nearly as high as the high cost of loafing.

A CURRENT affair: Electricity.

A CORRESPONDENT asks what becomes of the bricks broken up when buildings are wrecked. Some of them get mixed with our coal.

It is said that Morocco has no newspapers. But how many books are there in Morocco?

DR. COUÉ has gone into the films. We hope the kinema will now be better and better and better.

A STATUE in spectacles has been set up in Washington. Some of our London statues are nothing but spectacles.

SOME people seem to be running after Germany as fast as they did before they caught her.

## The Cost of Ignorance

WE should like to hear the last of the nonsense about the cost of education. Will not those who talk of it remember that ignorance is much more costly?

Every nation has to compete with others, and it is the most educated nation that reaches the top. A thing is half done when we know how to do it. None of us can work without assistance, and the less our assistants know the less they can help us.

Every penny the Government saves by not educating its people will have to be spent on maintaining them in workhouses, hospitals, and gaols.

## Paradise Regained

By Harold Begbie

My travels sometimes take me where kings of men abide, The ruler in his splendour, the rich man in his pride; And some would have me tarry, "Why farther need you roam?" I answer, "Sirs, forgive me, but I must needs go home."

THEY think to do me kindness, they'd give me of their state:

They know not how I hunger to pass from out their gate: Full glorious is their dwelling, with arch, and porch, and dome, But in my heart is something that will not call it "home."

DOWN, down from that proud hilltop my footsteps gladly wend

To sweet and humble Quiet that knows me for a friend, To bread of mine own earning, to hedge, and grass, and loam, To birds and flowers and children, to love, and prayer, and home.

## In the Silk Department

By Our Country Girl

QUITE a number of people do not think it wicked to be poor. But shop folk look upon it as a crime.

It is true that the assistants sometimes appear to understand that everyone cannot be a Rothschild, even with the best will in the world. It is the heads of departments in model gowns who make you feel how wrong it is to want the Inexpensive Dress Department or the Bargain Basement.

You try to dodge these grandees, but it is no use.

"Yes, moddum?" said a willowy lady in a court train, as I tried to dart past the other day.

"Stockings," I whispered, knowing she would drag the whole truth from me.

"Silk, moddum?" she said, putting her bored face on one side, and smiling.

I had to brazen it out.

"Cotton!" I said.

Her nostrils quivered, her voice grew still more weary. "Third counter through the archway," she said, and turned away abruptly as from some offending spectacle.

Then a curious thing happened. The whole shop became human and friendly. Customers and assistants were all smiling and glancing in one direction. Someone had brought in a wire-haired terrier pup, and the head of the department was talking to it.

Why should a puppy have such a pleasant effect on all these bored or business-like women? Was it that they were really sick of pretending, sick of talking clothes from morning to night, sick of a life that only deals with appearances?

When that puppy appeared were they so moved because here at last was something natural?

Perhaps they felt with Walt Whitman: "I think I could turn and live with animals—not one is demented with the mania of owning things."



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If the elephant has a  
key to his trunk



## THREE TRAGIC EVENTS IN AMERICA

**SPIRIT OF VIOLENCE ABROAD IN THE LAND**  
Is the Law Powerful Enough to Secure Justice?

### EVIL NAKED AND UNASHAMED

One of the saddest facts of our time is the spread of violence since the war, and the most tragic aspect of it all is that it is common to all countries.

Even America, so often thought of as a paradise in these days, has troubles that baffle her statesmen, and some of them arise out of the spirit of hate and violence that has sprung up since the war. There are three dramatic events of tragic significance now engaging the attention of the American people, and we think it right to call attention to them because they raise questions of grave importance to us all.

#### A False Impression

The first case involves the terrible organisation with the name of Ku Klux Klan. We are sorry to see that a film called *The Birth of a Nation*, in which this organisation is represented as something fine and patriotic, is still being shown in this country. In our opinion it gives an entirely false impression of history, and especially of Ku Klux Klan, and children should not see it.

The Ku Klux Klan pretends to be purifying public life; but it carries on its work in secret, its agents remaining in disguise; it over-rides the law while it acts as a stealthy tyranny; and it is accused of horrible deeds, of which plain murder is far from being the worst.

The local grand jury is being asked to commit from 60 to 100 of the most prominent members of the society for trial, to find out whether they or the society can be held responsible for the atrocious murders of two respectable citizens named Daniels and Richards.

#### Disguised in Black Hoods

Daniels had been a sergeant in the American army that came over to the war, and he had an excellent character. Richards was a young motor mechanic. Both were fearless men, and resented the secret tyranny of the Ku Klux Klan. Both were carried off from their homes by a number of the Klansmen disguised in black hoods. Search for months failed to find them. It was supposed they had been murdered and thrown into a lake.

While the search was going on a dynamite explosion occurred in one of the lakes. Evidently it was caused by the murderers, who hoped to destroy entirely the bodies lying at the bottom of the lake, but the explosion released the bodies from the weights which had kept them down, and they rose to the surface, and were identified by their clothes. The bodies had been horribly mutilated. Every bone was broken.

#### Life in Danger

That is the crime with which Ku Klux Klan is charged; but first a grand jury has to sanction the prosecution. The question is whether its members will be bold enough to dare to prosecute the secret society for murder, for everyone who offends the society feels that his life is in danger.

That is the state of things to which secret society terrorism has reduced one of the American States. Now let us take the second of these three cases, from the State of Illinois. At a place

## WHY SALLY SLEEPS IN THE FLAG

WRAPPED in an American flag, a little canary lies buried at Spangler, in Pennsylvania, and a white cross over its grave bears this inscription:

"Here lies Sally, a good canary, who gave her life to save the lives of professional and volunteer rescuers in the Reilly mine disaster, November 6, 1922."

It may seem strange that a little canary should be able to save life; but in mining disasters in America canaries play a very important part.

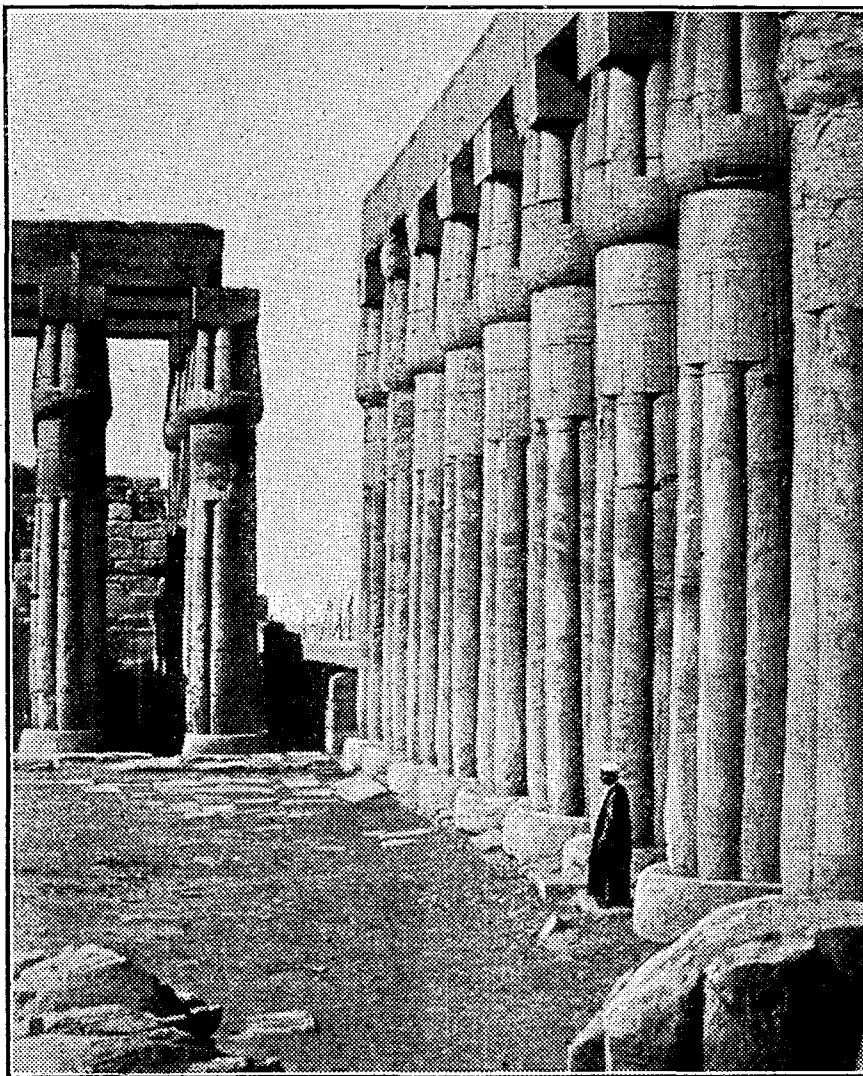
The United States Bureau of Mines has rescue cars in the various mining districts ready to rush to the scene of

disaster, and each car is equipped with about six canaries. The canaries are used as tests for the poisonous gas carbon monoxide, or white damp, as they are particularly sensitive to it.

When the rescue party explore the shafts they take canaries with them, and when a canary drops senseless it is a warning to the party to use their oxygen apparatus.

As a rule the canaries quickly recover when removed into fresh air; but Sally had evidently received too big a dose of the poison and died. Hence the little white cross with the inscription.

## TUTANKHAMEN BUILT THIS



The most striking architectural feature of Luxor is this great colonnade of the ruined temple which Tutankhamen built

Continued from the previous column

called Herrin a strike of miners occurred. One of the mines brought in strike-breakers to carry on the work, and hired guards armed with guns to protect them. The mine was besieged by the strikers, and three of the besiegers were killed. The whole position now had a very ugly look, so peacemakers got to work, and an arrangement was made between the besieged and the besiegers that the besieged should surrender their arms and go. Accordingly, under a flag of truce, they marched out unarmed. The strikers, who remained armed, led the prisoners into a barbed-wire trap, and treacherously shot them down like rabbits.

Of the 47 men who trusted the word of the besiegers 19 were shot dead straight away, and most of the rest were wounded. The grand jury reported that "the atrocities and cruelties of the murderers were beyond the power of words to describe," and 77 of the mob engaged in the murders were named. Five of them were brought up for trial, and the jury declared them "not guilty." Here, then, the processes of the law

were used to shield the commission of open, palpable, treacherous murders.

But, lest anyone should blame the workmen unduly, take a case on the other side. In Arkansas, at a town named Harrison, the railwaymen have been on strike, and the railway has been put out of use, to the great inconvenience of the public. So the public have formed a committee to deal with the strikers, scores of whom have been driven out of the State, while sympathisers with them have been publicly stripped, and, lastly, a railwayman was seized and lynched, though it has been proved that he could not possibly have been guilty of the charges made against him.

When violence reigns unchecked in such countries as America, countries claiming to be the moral rulers of mankind, can violence in less civilised countries be wondered at?

No one can defend it by any process of right or reason. In whatever forms it is seen it means the subjection of mankind to the wild impulses of the least reasonable men, which is exactly what civilisation exists to prevent.

## THE GIRL WITH A HEART OF GOLD

TALE FROM A BOMBED VILLAGE

Chivalry to Enemies on the Indian Frontier

### THE PITY OF IT

It is pitiful to read that bombs are being dropped on villages by British planes. However urgent the necessity, most people will wish that other means could be devised for meeting it.

The impression produced by the narratives of the two young flying men who were obliged to descend into the midst of their enemies while they were bombing them is that the tribesmen we are bombing contain a good mixture of what our boys would call "genuine sports."

Flying-Officer St. Leger and Air-Mechanic Fearn had loosed off the bombs they had been ordered to drop on the houses of some unruly Mahsuds, who were out for the kind of warfare which they have long regarded as the best of amusement; but as the flying men turned homewards their machine failed and crashed to earth in the midst of an enemy village.

#### Safe in a Cave

What happened afterwards was according to the very best style of kinema melodrama. It could not have been staged better if it had been carefully arranged beforehand.

First, the old women of the village rushed out flourishing knives, but in the nick of time appeared a beautiful maiden, who rescued the men from danger, and led them to a cave where they were safe from the bombs which their British comrades were still dropping on the village.

Then the division of opinions between mercy and sacrifice passed from the women to the men. Some of the men, probably those who knew least about the British, were fiercely hostile, but a couple of outlawed brigands were even chivalrous in their politeness. No doubt they had in view the wisdom of winning friends in the camp of the enemy.

One of the most curious incidents was the escorting of the officer to his smashed machine that he might be seen by his comrades overhead. No doubt they thought that their village would be saved if the safety of officer St. Leger could in some way be intimated to the bomb-throwers above.

#### The Forgiving Maiden

But the idea was not successful in stopping the bombing, and night came on with the airmen safely housed for their protection, receiving pleasant visits from chieftains and priests, while the generous and forgiving maiden who had made herself their protector was seeing that they were well fed.

The two flying men have since returned safely to the British lines, bringing with them a strong impression of the genuineness of the sporting spirit of our troublesome Frontier neighbours.

Everyone knows that to the hillmen of the North-West Frontier of India a skirmish is the liveliest form of enjoyment, but we cannot help wishing that some better way of cultivating friendliness could be found than dropping bombs on the villages of such manly folks as they have often proved themselves to be. It does not seem very British.

#### WORLD'S BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH

The biggest photograph in the world has just been completed by the curator of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. It measures 36 feet by 10 feet, and is made up of eight photographs 12 feet by 10 feet. It is in colours, and shows part of Lake Michigan shore.



## TWO COBBLERS AND TWO BOOKS ABOUT THEM

Life Stories which Encourage  
all Poor Boys

### FOUNDER OF THE QUAKERS

Two books have been written lately concerning the childhood and manhood of two boys who began life as shoemakers.

The first is George Fox, who in the 17th century became a prophet of righteousness, and founded the Society of Friends. While still hardly more than a boy he went to work for a man who was a shoemaker. There he learned how to cut leather and to sew shoes; but, so Dr. Rufus Jones tells us in his new book, his master also tended sheep, so that George was one of the fine company of shepherds as well as one of the distinguished craft of shoemakers. But, as the prophets of old were called to leave the sheepfolds and bear their witness, so George Fox was called from his bench and his sheep to tell of the strange light that had come to him.

### A Very Great Thinker

The second of the shoemakers is Sir Henry Jones, who died about a year ago. Before his life closed he wrote a book, *Old Memories*, in which he recalled his earlier days. He was a very great thinker—a professor in the University of Glasgow—and an author whose books were wise as well as beautiful. But in the book of his memories there is nothing so lovely as the tale of his early days in North Wales.

The home that he remembered was a little cottage with one room downstairs, about ten feet square, and one room upstairs. But, a happier household there never was; and though his father never made a pound a week they had wholesome food and good clothing.

The boy's father was a shoemaker; and the proudest moment in Henry's life came when his father fetched him home from school to do a special bit of sewing. A pair of boots with toe-caps was ordered. The stitching had to be specially accurate and fine; and Henry was fetched to do it. He wrote of those industrious days afterwards:

### A Boy's Two Ambitions

"I left school when I was twelve and a half years old, and put on my little shoemaker's leather apron, and a new and most happy page of my life was opened. There are few, if any, pleasanter scenes in the world than those presented by the little workshops of the country shoemakers and tailors. There master and man sit working side by side, talking freely with one another about anything and everything."

The boy had two ambitions: one was to be a first-rate shoemaker, and the other to be an elder in the little chapel. The hours were long—from eight in the morning till eight at night; not till then did they lay down their tools. It was, Sir Henry said, a first-rate education. The gentleness and patience and mirth of his father, the tenderness and piety of his mother, and the fellowship of the workshop all helped to make the philosopher.

### Graduating at the University

Henry Jones became a sound and neat though a slow workman. But there were other influences at work. There were wise people who said that the boy was marked out by his gifts for another calling. Some wanted him to be a minister; but that he was not to be. Study he must; and happily he found a friend to share his purpose, and they together vowed that they would become graduates of a university.

They kept their vow. A year or two after Henry Jones graduated in Glasgow; his friend, Tom Redfern, graduated at Cambridge. How he struggled and taught himself, how he was trained to be a teacher and taught for a time, and how, in the end, he won a scholarship which sent him to Glasgow—these and many other things are in this book.

## ZIMBABWE MYSTERY REMARKABLE RUINS IN RHODESIA

The Granite Tower that  
Baffles Travellers

### HOW DID IT COME THERE?

A group of archaeologists have been inspecting the famous ruins of Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, which suggest that there may once have been a civilisation in the heart of Central Africa as old as Rome, or even older.

At Zimbabwe there is a strange conical tower, so old that even 400 years ago the natives could tell nothing of its history. It is skilfully built of blocks of hewn granite and decorated with a curious chevron pattern. All around are traces of ancient gold workings and even of irrigation works, with gradients calculated with a nicety equal to that of modern engineers with instruments.

The natives of this part of Africa have never been known to build stone structures capable of resisting the ravages of centuries, yet here in their midst is a tower built by as skilful workmen as the ancient Egyptians, and no one knows who built it.

In the opinion of several archaeologists who have been investigating the ruins, it is possible that Zimbabwe may be a

## £50 for a Young Artist

### And 50 Wireless Sets Free

In next week's C.N. an award of £50 and fifty wireless sets will be offered to readers who paint an outline drawing of the cover of My Magazine for April, ready next Wednesday.

In order not to be disappointed order your copy of My Magazine for April now, and look out for the outline drawing in the C.N. next week.

relic of some colony of one of the old civilisations of Asia or Northern Africa, and perhaps the very spot from which the Queen of Sheba mined the gold for the building of the Temple of Solomon.

This part of Rhodesia can be reached from the sea by means of the Sabi River, which flows into the Indian Ocean, and down which Phoenician galleys may once have sailed bearing the gold of Africa to India, Egypt, and Arabia.

Ages ago, in the year 915, the Arabian historian Massoudé visited Sofala, at the mouth of the Sabi River, and found it the centre of a flourishing trade in gold and ivory between the natives and the Arabs and Persians; far earlier still, in 610 B.C., Herodotus relates that King Nepheos equipped a Phoenician expedition that sailed round Africa, returning by way of the Pillars of Hercules; and in the early sixteenth century two Portuguese historians, de Couto and dos Santos, mention that there was then a tradition among the Moors and Arabs trading in East Africa that Zimbabwe was indeed the Queen of Sheba's mine.

### Who Were the Builders?

Perhaps the irrigation works were made to ensure sufficient food for a large colony of miners and the tower is the last relic of their town. At all events, it seems certain that Central Africa was known to the ancients centuries before Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape.

It is very strange that up to now so little attention has been paid to the Zimbabwe ruins. It may be that they are merely the work of medieval Indian or Arabian traders, but even then they must have a romantic story. But if they are the work of an ancient Semitic dynasty—the race from which the Jews sprang—they are the key to a missing chapter of history.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Several white foxes have been killed by hounds at Berryfield, near Aylesbury.

A slum house was built by Barnardo boys for the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

It is proposed to build a tunnel under the Humber at Hull at a cost of two and a half million pounds.

France has already spent 400 million pounds in restoring the districts ruined by the Germans in the war.

The Boys' City Council of Toronto has just passed a stringent ordinance protecting and encouraging bird life.

### Death of King Khama

King Khama, the famous Bechuana chief, has died at his capital, Serowe, aged 95.

### 4266 Roman Coins

A vase with 4066 Roman coins of the third century has been dug up by a workman at Maçon, in Central France.

### England's Cricket Victory

England has won two out of the five Test Matches with South Africa, two being drawn and the other lost. England thus comes out victorious.

### The Four Mice of Lincoln

Lincoln was plunged into darkness recently through four mice getting into a steel cubicle at the power station and causing a short circuit.

### After 64 Years

Part of the stock of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on which no dividend has ever been paid for 64 years, is to pay a dividend this year.

### Tinned Salmon

The British Columbia salmon catch, which comes to Europe as tinned salmon, is valued at £2,300,000 for the 1922 season. There are over 300 canneries in the Province.

### Scene at a Zoo

An amazing sight was seen in Hamburg when a tiger attacked a Polar bear at the Hagenbeck Zoo. Other bears and tigers joined in, and were only separated when a hose was turned on them.

### Great Surprise for the Doctors

While a man was working in a Glasgow factory, a steel rod pierced his body. On the rod being removed in hospital, the surgeons were amazed to find that the man had suffered no serious injury.

### The Stag and the Car

As a doctor was motoring at night through a Perthshire glen, a stag dashed into his car, smashed the mud-guard, and made off into the woods with one of the lamps fixed on its antlers.

### Easter Island

No confirmation having been received of the recent rumour of the disappearance of Easter Island, to which we referred at the time, it may be reasonably supposed that Easter Island still stands where it did.

### London's Millions of Passengers

Last year London's tramway passengers numbered 726 millions, and in addition the London General Omnibus Company carried 847 millions. The total of 1573 millions is an increase of 87 millions over the figures for 1922.

### Aluminium for Lamp-posts

The aluminium paint with which the lamp-posts near Westminster Abbey were covered at the time of Princess Mary's wedding has proved so durable that in future the Westminster Council will use aluminium for all its lamp-posts.

### Great Electricity Scheme for the Midlands

The Electricity Commissioners at Nottingham are now considering a great scheme for supplying electricity to about sixty towns and villages in four Midland counties covering an area of over 1000 square miles, with power stations at Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester.

### Reading to the Queen

A blind girl, Doris Ivens, aged 15, was selected from among all the blind to whom the National Library for the Blind at Westminster circulates books in Braille to read to the Queen. Her Majesty was greatly interested, and congratulated Doris on her reading.

## THE HAPPY GARDENER GETTING TO KNOW THE SECRETS OF NATURE

Helping Other People to  
Enjoy Life

### A GOOD WORK FOR SCOUTS AND GUIDES

Gardening-time is here again, and it is time all you boys and girls with gardens of your own were at work in them.

Somebody once said that if there were one kind of man in this world who was not likely to go to Heaven it was a gardener—not because gardeners were particularly wicked people, but because they had such a wonderfully good time in this world that they could not expect to be treated quite so well as other people in the next.

Well, I do not know, but my own feeling is that whatever you may hope for in the next world you should try to make your own heaven in this one.

### How to Have a Good Time

If you do your best to help other people, and are determined to be content with what you have got and to make the best of things, you will be happy and enjoy your life. But such a lot of people are always grouching, always wanting things they have not got, and disliking those who are more lucky than themselves, that they make themselves unhappy and everybody about them.

A gardener has a good time because, though his is a peaceful occupation, it gives him much to do all the year round, and it is always to some extent exciting because the success or failure of his crop depends largely on his own doings.

He takes the little seeds in hand and gently grows them into seedlings, plants them out in carefully prepared ground, and protects and feeds the plants as they grow. And they repay him with all their riches of flower and fruit.

The gardener is just like a father to his large family and often has the same love for his little ones that a father has; and so he lives in happiness.

### A Work-Full of Interest

And he gets to know Nature by knowing his plants and the wonderful laws by which they grow and develop. He knows the insects that are likely to harm them and those that are good for them. He knows the different kinds of birds, and which of them help him by destroying insects and which are his enemies and destroy his crops.

His work is full of interest. And then, too, he knows that it is not selfish work. The fruit and the flowers and the vegetables that he manages to grow are all going to help other people to enjoy life. He is doing the big thing that brings happiness—a good turn to others.

So you see gardening is true Scout and Guide work, and it is no wonder that the gardener is really happy.

## THE NEW RAILWAY ENGINE

### How to Save Coal

The railway engine recently built in Sweden, which was to work by turbine instead of the usual reciprocating machinery, has been a great success—so successful as to suggest that with the turbine half the coal used on our railways could be saved.

This huge locomotive, named the Ljungstroom, after its inventor, has many singular features. The turbine is fitted on the tender, so that only the steam-boiler and furnace form the front part, which we generally call the engine.

A number of tubes placed beneath the boiler heat the air forced through them when the train is running, and this hot air is used to force the draught in the furnace. The coal-bunker is placed above the boiler, so that the tender can be used for the turbine, the gearing, and the huge condenser for the steam.



## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

### THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

#### A LITTLE BIT OF THE CONQUEROR'S DUCHY

The fact that Jersey and Guernsey have been asked to make a substantial contribution toward meeting the debt incurred as a result of the Great War has drawn attention to the curious relationship which the Channel Islands hold to Great Britain.

Geographically they form no part of England, but are really little islands off the coast of France, from which their nearest point is only twelve miles distant, while the island nearest to the English coast is 55 miles away.

Politically they are dependencies of the British Crown, and have been ever since the Norman Conquest, and they are particularly interesting as being the only remains now left of the vast dominions in Europe once owned by the English sovereigns.

#### The Turmoil of Centuries

There are four main islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark—and several smaller ones, such as Herm, Jethou, Burhou, Brechou, the Casquets, the Minquiers, and the Chauseys, but the area all told is only 75 square miles and the population is about a hundred thousand.

It is curious that these little islands should have survived all the changes and turnings of eight and a half centuries and still remain in the possession of the British Crown. Of course France has tried more than once to seize them, and for a short time in the fourteenth century she invaded and held Guernsey, but it was soon reconquered by the English with the help of Jersey. Then, in the middle of the next century, Jersey itself was conquered and held by the French for about six years, but Edward the Fourth reclaimed it for his crown.

#### Remains of the Stone Age Men

We do not usually think of the Channel Islands as being part of the continent of Europe, but in the Stone Age they were joined to the mainland, and the remains of cromlechs and other monuments erected by neolithic men still exist in the islands, and are objects of interest to visitors, who recognise their resemblance to similar ancient monuments found today in Brittany.

The islands have never been incorporated with Great Britain, and they are in no sense English colonies. They are the only remaining part of the ancient Duchy of Normandy, and are retained by the King solely as representative of its dukes. They are governed by their own laws, and both Jersey and Guernsey have their own parliaments. Alderney and Sark are dependencies of Guernsey, to which they are nearer than they are to Jersey. The native language is an old Norman patois, but French is the official language, and English is generally spoken in the islands.

#### Scene of a Famous Story

Curiously, although the islands belong to the British Crown, they were for centuries in the French diocese of Coutances, and it was Queen Elizabeth who joined them to the diocese of Winchester, to which they still belong. Perhaps it was fitting that they should have been under both French and British bishops, for Christianity was carried to them in the first place by missionaries from Ireland and Brittany.

The climate of the islands is so mild and equable and the scenery so delightful that it is not surprising that summer visitors go there in large numbers, principally to Jersey. The soil is splendidly fertile, and the revenue of the islands comes chiefly from agriculture and horticulture. Jersey and Guernsey cattle are famous all over the world.

C.N. readers will remember that the scene of Victor Hugo's thrilling story *The Toilers of the Sea* is laid in the Channel Islands.

## LIFE IN THE WONDERFUL BUSH

### Thirty Miles from a Town & Three from a Neighbour

#### AUSTRALIAN BACKLANDS

This letter from New South Wales gives a clear description of what life is like far inland in the River Murray district.

Our homestead has about a thousand acres frontage on the Murray River, by which we run horses. We only come in there from the out-back every week-end.

Our out-back place consists of 10,000 acres of land, on which we have 2000 sheep and a number of horses. Also we have a hundred acres in wheat for chaff, and about the same area fallowed for next year.

During the week we live in a hut of three rooms, built of galvanised iron. I sleep in a little log hut.

There are three of us. We do our own cooking, and eat a sheep each week.

It is very rough out here, but I like the life much, and would be sorry to go back to office work.

#### Nearest Town 35 Miles Away

We are 35 miles from the nearest town, and the nearest neighbour is three miles away.

We are 18 miles out from the river, and have one of Mr. Ford's cars to take us there and back.

You should see us ready to start back on Monday morning. On the front mudguards are two sacks containing our blankets and bedding, and on the foot-board a couple of boxes of food and a can of fresh milk. At the back are shovels and other tools, without which we never leave home.

We are dressed in trousers, coat, and shirt, with no collar; but we look much worse coming back unshaved, and bringing in a nice, fat, live sheep for our Sunday's dinner.

The bush is a wonderful place. You can look all round the horizon and see nothing but mallee trees and low bushes of blue and salt, interspersed everywhere with patches of grass.

#### Parrots and Cockatoos

There are parrots and cockatoos of all colours, and little grey pigeons. Also there are large numbers of emus and kangaroos, with thousands of rabbits and foxes.

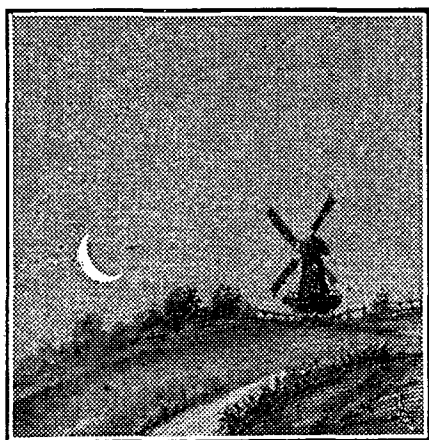
It is the cock emu, not the hen bird, that takes charge of the young ones—about ten little ones with one big bird.

The kangaroos are very shy and go off at a great pace, in very long hops, when startled. I have seen a track with fully 30 feet between the hops.

There are any amount of ants and flies here. Meat has to be covered on the table in linen bags to guard it from the blow-flies, and ants make their way into the jam, honey, and condensed milk, in fact, everywhere.

We have to store water in great reservoirs sunk in the earth, as the climate is dry.

#### THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6.30 a.m. on March 14

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

**Does a House Martin Eat and Drink?**  
Certainly it does. Its food consists almost entirely of insects.

**How Often do Parrots Lay Eggs?**  
A parrot kept alone in a cage may often lay one or more eggs, and some birds will do this every year.

**Why does not the World Fly to Pieces by Centrifugal Force as it Revolves?**  
Because the force of cohesion holding its parts together is greater than the centrifugal force.

**How Big should a Dormouse's Cage be?**  
About the same size as a cage for pet mice—that is, a minimum of twelve inches long by eight inches wide and eight inches deep.

**What Does P.M.G. stand for?**  
Postmaster-General, and also for Paymaster-General. Curiously enough, both offices are now held by one man, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is thus a double P.M.G.

**How Can the Study of Egyptology be Begun?**

The best beginning would be to read Professor Maspero's *Manual of Egyptian Archaeology*, a short, lucid, and interesting description of Egyptian life and manners. Any bookseller can get it.

**Is the Parliamentary Septennial Act Still in Force?**

No; this Act, which fixed the maximum duration of a Parliament at seven years, was superseded by the *Parliament Act of 1911*, which fixed the maximum duration at five years.

**How Long Ago Did the Elephant Live in England?**

Elephants roamed over England in the Pleistocene Period, but how many years ago that was no one can say with certainty. It may have been anything from half a million to a million years.

**How Many British Butterflies are There?**  
About seventy are usually named in the list, but several of these are so scarce as to be practically extinct. Coloured pictures of each with its egg, chrysalis, and caterpillar will be given in a future number of the *Children's Encyclopedia*.

**What is a Canopic Jar?**  
A conical vase, with a top in the form of a head, used in ancient Egypt to hold the internal organs of an embalmed body. It gets its name from Canopus, where the god Osiris was worshipped under the form of a vase with a human head.

**Why Does a Red Sky at Night Mean Fine Weather the Next Day?**

A red sunset generally indicates a fine day on the morrow because the red rays which tint the sky are refracted by vapour which is not actually condensed into clouds, and so is not ready to produce rain.

**When Only a Half-Moon is Visible, where is the Other Half?**

It is there as usual, but not being illuminated by the sun it is in shadow and almost invisible. If you look closely, however, on a clear night you will see it dimly lighted up by reflected light from the Earth, called earth-shine.

**What is the Midnight Sun?**

Owing to the tilt of the Earth, when the North Pole is leaning toward the Sun the upper part of the Earth is never out of the Sun's light; the Sun, in fact, does not set, and it can be seen at midnight as well as at midday. Norway has been called the Land of the Midnight Sun because in summer the sun is seen at midnight from the extreme north.

**Where Does a Candle Flame Go When it is Blown out?**

A candle, like a fire, burns after it is lighted because it produces heat enough to warm up the stuff of which it is made to the temperature at which it combines with oxygen gas. The fat of the candle is turned into gas by the heat, and the hot gases burning with the oxygen of the air make the flame. When we blow hard we blow away the hot gases, and the temperature becomes too low for the candle and the oxygen to combine, and there is no more flame.

## THE POLE STAR

### POINT OF LIGHT THAT MARKS TRUE NORTH

#### Triple Sun System Rushing Toward the Earth

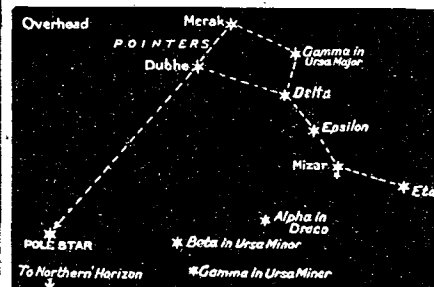
NEARLY 1000 MILES A MINUTE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

That famous group of seven stars popularly known as the Plough is now very high up toward the east by 8 p.m. and overhead by midnight.

These bright stars, composing about a third of the area covered by the constellation of the Great Bear, were described in detail in the C.N. for March 11, 1922, and will help us to find the most useful and one of the most interesting stars in the heavens, Polaris, or the Pole Star.

Our star map shows how easily this star can be found with the aid of Dubhe and Merak of the Plough. These two stars are known as the Pointers, and it



How to find the Pole Star. Position of the Pointers about 9 p.m.

can be seen how directly they point to the Pole Star. Polaris is not quite so bright as the Pointers, but, as only faint stars are near, it cannot be mistaken.

The importance of this star is due to the fact that it always indicates true north, being, therefore, of great value for navigation and other purposes.

It is the only bright star in the heavens that appears always in the same place at all times; all the others appear to go round it. The reason is that the axis of the Earth points to the Pole Star.

#### The Spinning Orange

To make this clear, let us imagine our world to be an orange spinning round upon a knitting needle pushed through its centre. If the orange be held in the middle of an ordinary sized room, so that the upper end of the knitting needle points to a spot on the ceiling somewhere near the cornice and not far from the wall, we have a rough model of the way the imaginary pole of the Earth points to the Pole Star, represented by the spot on the ceiling; also, approximately, the tilt of this polar axis.

If the orange be turned slowly on the needle, which is kept pointing at the ceiling "Pole Star," it will be seen that all the objects in the room will successively pass in front of, or more or less in line with, any spot on the orange.

These objects, we will imagine, represent the constellations of stars, and it will be easily realised that, if we could be on the orange and going round with it, the only object in the room that would appear always still would be the ceiling spot.

#### What the Pole Star Really Is

Polaris is of great interest in itself, for if we could only get near enough, say within a couple of hours' light journey—or about fifteen times the distance of our Sun—instead of the 76 years' light journey that actually intervenes, we should see with the naked eye two suns, each much larger than ours; revolving round one another in about four days.

Their combined light has been calculated to be about 77 times that of our Sun. They are, moreover, much hotter, and travel round a far more massive but much less luminous body, taking over 20 years to complete a revolution.

This triple sun system composing the Pole Star appears to be speeding obliquely toward us so rapidly that every minute brings them about 970 miles nearer.

G. F. M.



# THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure  
in the Lonely Highlands

Told by  
Vernon Bruce

## What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

## CHAPTER 15

### The Mystery Deepens

THE three chums gazed across the litter that strewed the study floor at the Professor, who was beating a tattoo on the window-panes with his long fingers.

"Have they got the plans, sir?" Ian asked anxiously.

The Professor shook his head.

"No," he replied. "The plans are safe, I am glad to say, but I confess I don't like the look of things. I really think you must go home," he went on. "I should never forgive myself if any harm came to you through these ruffians."

But the boys would not hear of it.

"We're jolly well going to see you through, sir," declared Ian.

"Of course we are," said Rupert. "I vote we go and see if we can find how the fellows got in."

The big hall was filled with servants, chattering excitedly.

One of the maids, after much nudging and whispered advice from the others, at length explained that she had been unable to sleep and had come down to the kitchen to get a little warm milk. Hearing unusual noises in the front of the house, she had run upstairs and raised the alarm.

"Has anyone found signs of a forced entry?" inquired Rupert.

Apparently no one had thought of looking, so, after the women-folk had been sent off to bed, the others started to search the house.

The front door proved on examination to be securely locked and bolted, as was the back door. The windows were all safely fastened, and, although they searched high and low, they could find nothing to show how the men had effected an entry. Finally they returned to the Professor's study to hold a council of war.

"It looks as though they must be hiding in the house somewhere, sir," suggested Ian. "They could hardly shut a window or bolt a door from the outside, though it would be quite easy to force one. It seems to me they have got in through some window which they have closed again, and are waiting for us to go out to search the grounds."

"But why should they do that?" asked the Professor, glancing nervously round the room.

"Why, don't you see, sir?" explained Freckles. "When we go out and leave the door open, they will have a clear line of retreat."

"We must search the house at once," cried the Professor, jumping to his feet. "Wait till I get my revolver."

He came back in a minute, nervously fingering a murderous-looking six-shooter, and the party started off once more, keeping well together.

But they could find no trace of the intruders. Whoever they were, they seemed to have come and gone as easily and as noiselessly as mice. Rupert's face grew longer and longer. Suddenly he clapped his hands together with a bang.

"Great Scott! I've got it!" he cried. "It's that gardener fellow, Angus. He must have let them in, and then, when they were scared by the servants, he let them out and locked up again."

The Professor was almost inclined to agree with him.

"Donald!" he called to the groom. "Find MacGlashen and send him to me at once, please."

"We are getting near it now," remarked Rupert proudly. But soon Donald came back with an unexpected piece of news. Angus had left the house at six o'clock to visit some friends in a village

seven miles away and had not yet returned.

The Professor looked distinctly relieved.

"I like the fellow," he said. "It would have distressed me greatly to find that he had had any hand in this sad affair."

## CHAPTER 16

### The Secret Boat

"ARE you going to call in the police, sir?" asked Ian at breakfast the next morning.

The Professor shook his head.

"No," he replied. "Once they start making inquiries the whole story of the motor-boat will become public property. Until my final improvements are complete I am most anxious that the secret should be kept to ourselves."

"By the way, sir," Freckles chipped in. "You promised us yesterday that you would show us the boat."

Any mention of his beloved motor-boat awoke all the enthusiasm of the inventor, and with much excitement the Professor suggested that if they cared to walk down to the boat-house after lunch he would take them out in her for an experimental trip on the loch.

The boat-house proved to be a massive building built of granite, with a steel door and heavy locks.

"You see, I'm not taking any chances in this quarter," said the Professor, and, unlocking the door, he led the way inside and lit a powerful lamp that hung from one of the rafters.

"There's the little beauty," he said proudly, pointing to where the slim, grey figure of a large boat rode lightly on the water of the loch at the far end of the shed.

"She looks a stunner!" cried Ian.

The three chums approached the water's edge and gazed with wonder at the smart little vessel.

"Yes; but it is not her exterior that makes her what she is—the fastest and most silent craft of her kind in the world," explained the Professor, pulling back the water gates, which moved smoothly into place on their rollers. "The secret lies in the engines. The great trouble about powerful engines is that the vibration they create shakes the ordinary boat to bits in no time. Bearing this in mind, I have concentrated on producing an engine which, although very powerful, is so well balanced and smooth-running that the vibration is scarcely evident at all. But jump in, and I will explain things to you as we go along."

The chums did not need a second invitation, and the next minute the high, sharp prow of the motor-boat was cutting its way through the dull waters of Loch Letterfern.

"As you probably know," explained the Professor, giving a turn to the steering wheel, "the roar which you hear when the engines are running is really a series of explosions which come crowding one after another so quickly that they form one continuous chain of sound—"

But here Rupert, who had been paying but little attention, suddenly burst out with a loud exclamation.

"Look at that!" he cried, pointing excitedly to a clump of trees on the far side of the loch. "What is that light flashing over there?"

The others looked up with a start, in time to see a bright gleam of light wink three times and vanish.

Ian snatched up a pair of binoculars.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "It's those two men again. They're signalling to someone near the house with a heliograph."

## CHAPTER 17

### The Heliograph at Work

THE Professor shut off the engines of the motor-boat and turned to the three chums with an expression of bewilderment.

"It's those two scoundrels who are after the plans, sir," said Ian firmly.

"Yes; but who are they signalling to?" Freckles demanded.

"How dense you are," Rupert chipped in impatiently. "Why, to MacGlashen, of course."

"Yes, but Great Aristotle," exclaimed the Professor, "what do they want to do that for?"

Rupert, finding himself unable to supply an answer to the question, subsided; and Ian, turning to the Professor, suggested that they should land on the far side of the loch and try to find out what the men were up to.

"It is useless for us to stop here," he added. "We might try to read the signals—I know the Morse code—but to do that we should have to be almost directly opposite the signalling point. This means that those fellows with the heliograph would be certain to spot us and would knock off."

"Yes," agreed Freckles, "Ian's quite right. Our best plan would be to land in that little creek over there and work our way through the trees till we are close to them."

"I will run you in there," said the Professor, "and cruise about just off the shore till you return."

Taking care to keep the motor-boat well out of sight, the Professor brought his craft round till she was but a few yards from a slight projection of rock that jutted out from the shore at one end of the creek for which they were making.

"Don't be longer than you can help," he cautioned them, as he drew alongside.

The boys scrambled out and without any delay set off along the tree-studded shore in the direction of the signalling, some two hundred yards away. They were already within a stone's throw of the men, who were hidden from view by the trees, when Freckles stopped short.

"Look over there," he murmured, pointing across the loch in the direction of the Professor's house.

A light began to flicker the calling-up signal of the Morse code. Then followed a pause and the dot-dash started once more.

"Spell it out, Ian," whispered Freckles, fumbling in his pockets. "I'll take it down as you go."

"Right-o," answered the other. "Here she comes. M-i-n-d—y-o-u— a-r-e—w-a-t-c-h-e-d—c-l-o-s-e— a-t—h-a-n-d."

The message ceased, and the chums looked at one another in dismay.

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"Hang it!" muttered Rupert angrily. "That fellow MacGlashen must have spotted us when we landed and given the alarm."

"You two must stop here," Ian said. "I'm going to investigate. If I want you I'll whistle," and before the others could protest he pushed through the bracken and disappeared.

## CHAPTER 18

### Face to Face

IN his anxiety to get a glimpse of the men before they decamped, Ian pushed ahead too quickly, and before he had time to realise how close he was he had stumbled over a loose boulder. He clutched desperately at a twig, lost his balance, and pitched forward on his face.

Rising slowly to his feet, a handful of mud and stones in each hand, and with clothes covered with earth, he presented a sorry picture as he looked about him.

Close to where he stood the tripod of a heliograph leaned against a tree, while facing him, a few feet away, stood the two strangers of the inn.

Ian took a pace forward. "Stand still!" snapped one of the men, "or I'll shoot, you spying young puppy."

Ian, finding himself gazing at the nozzle of a business-like automatic, obeyed.

"I rather thought it might be you," continued his adversary, an evil smile playing about his features. "It's time we had a word together. We've had about enough of your interference."

Ian's brain was working quickly. He realised that if he tried to run or call for his chums this man would have no hesitation in shooting him where he stood. The only thing to do was to play for time, so, assuming an expression of high indignation, he burst out: "I don't understand. How dare you—"

"Cut it out," interrupted the other roughly. "I'm not going to waste any time beating about the bush. You've been interfering long enough in matters that don't concern you. Now that I've caught you I am going to give your precious friends a lesson they won't forget."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ian. While the other had been talking, his quick brain had determined on a plan of action, and now he only waited the right moment to bring it into effect.

"What do I mean?" mimicked the other. "Why, just this, my young friend. If you are out of the way it stands to reason you won't worry us any longer. What's more, when that lunatic inventor finds you are missing he will be too busy looking for you to bother his head about us. In plain language, I'm going to wing you, and hide you where you are not likely to be found in a hurry."

What did the brute mean to do with him? Cripple him so that he couldn't run away? Ian decided to chance all in one throw. It was an old trick, but it might succeed. Fixing his gaze on the trees immediately over the man's shoulder, he cried out:

"Quick, Inspector! Here they are!"

As he had hoped, the man turned to cast a quick glance behind him. At that moment Ian let drive with his full force with the earth and stones he was still holding clenched in his hand. They caught the fellow in the face, and, with a cry of pain, he dropped the revolver and clasped his hands to his eyes.

The other man, with a shout of rage, leapt at Ian, who grasped the tripod and, lunging forward, drove it hard into the fellow's midriff. With a gasp he collapsed on the ground, where he lay panting for breath, with all the wind knocked out of his body.

Ian snatched up the revolver and dived into the undergrowth to where his chums were waiting.

"Run, you fellows!" he panted—"run for your lives!"

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was He?

### The Wise Emperor

A YEAR or two after Jesus was put to death a boy was born who was to play an important part in the life and history of the Jews.

Good-looking, vigorous, and clever, he was educated with a prince in a palace, and not only learned to ride and fight well, but also became accomplished in literature, music, and art. He could write poetry in both Greek and Latin, and surprised his acquaintances by taking down their words in shorthand.

At a very early age he obtained an official position with the army, and his duties brought him to Britain. Then, later, he went with his father to Palestine to put down a revolt there.

When the Roman Emperor was assassinated, the lad started for the capital to pay his respects to the new ruler, but on his way learned that this emperor in turn had been slain, so, thinking it unwise to continue the journey, he returned to Palestine.

Those were days when ruler succeeded ruler very rapidly, and by making friends for his father this young man enabled the father to win the throne.

On the new emperor departing for Rome the son took command of the army in Palestine. The young commander surrounded an important city, and after one of the most famous sieges in history captured it; more than half a million of the vanquished were slain, while most of the other inhabitants were driven out into foreign countries.

Of course he became the idol of his army, and his father had such confidence in him that he associated the son with himself in the supreme government.

When his father died he was chosen to be emperor, and he tried to rule well. A great volcanic eruption devastated a flourishing district, a plague carried off ten thousand people a day, and a fire burned fiercely in Rome for three days, but the emperor relieved the sufferers from his own resources, even selling his possessions to find the necessary money.

If he allowed a day to pass without benefiting someone by a gift he would exclaim, "I have lost a day." When remonstrated with for his generosity he replied that it was not just that anyone should leave the emperor with a sorrowful eye.

He disliked inflicting the death penalty, and declared that he would rather die himself than cause the death of another, and when a conspiracy against his life was discovered he forgave the plotters,

saying to them, "Do not do it again; Providence alone distributes crowns." At his death he had won the title

"The delight of the human race." Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# The Daffodils Will Soon Be Waking



## Dr MERRYMAN

THE lazy man told a friend that he had been given a responsible job on the railway.

"I'm glad to hear that," said his friend. "What do you do?"

"Well, I'm assistant to the man who taps the train wheels to see that they are sound. I help him to listen."

WHAT is it that people do not want, do not wish to lose when they have it, and when they have gained it have it no longer?

A lawsuit.

### A Laundry Problem

SIX collars, seven cuffs there be  
When pence we charge you thirty-three;  
Seven collars and six cuffs to do,  
The charge is only thirty-two.  
The work is good and up to date;  
Now figure out in pence the rate.

Solution next week



### The Escapades of Johnny Crock

SAID Johnny Crock to Mr. Dog,  
"The flute I'd like to play."  
Said Mr. Dog, "A lesson you  
Shall have on Saturday."  
A brand-new flute our Johnny  
bought;  
He blew with all his might,  
And the awful noise he made  
Gave Mr. Dog a fright.  
But harder, harder, Johnny blew.  
Said Mr. Dog, "I fear  
He'll blow me several yards away  
If I stay longer here."

### Do You Know

THAT it is quite wrong to speak of the fable of the Dog and his Shadow? What the dog saw as he looked into the water while holding a piece of meat in his mouth was his reflection, not his shadow.  
That Dick Whittington—or Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London—did not owe his fame and fortune to a cat? The story is an old legend that is found in the literature of many countries far earlier than the time in which Whittington lived.

That deer forests are not forests at all, but tracts of more or less rough land that are left uncultivated for the stalking of deer?

### A Recipe

THE best sandwich of all is made of the blue sky, the green fields, and the fresh air in between.

### Arithmetical Problem

FATHER was giving his four sons their pocket-money, and he said, "Now, here is a pound to divide among you. Jack is the eldest, so he will have a shilling more than Fred; Fred will have a shilling more than Tom; and Tom will have a shilling more than Frank, who is the youngest."

How much did each boy receive?

Solution next week

### A Tough Morsel

AN ostrich preferred to be fed  
On pig-iron and morsels of lead;  
But when they brought steel  
For his evening meal,  
"It's too hard for digestion," he said.

HARRY went out and his dog went with him; the dog went not before, nor behind, nor on one side of him. Where did he go?  
On the other side.

### Is Your Name Mallet?

THE name Mallett, like many others that are the names of well-known tools, was probably given to an ancestor of those who now bear the name because he was particularly skilful in the use of the implement, or because in some other way the tool had come to be identified with him.

It has not always this origin, however, being sometimes our English spelling of the French personal name Maillard, a form of Mary. In such cases the ancestor of the Malletts probably came from France.

WHY should we never sleep in a railway carriage?  
Because the train runs over sleepers.

### Beheaded Words

BEHEAD a tree and leave the roof of a vault.  
Behead "on high" and leave the topmost storey.  
Behead "thrown violently" and leave an organ of the body.  
Behead a reproach and leave a relative.  
Behead "to annoy" and leave comfort.  
Behead an occurrence and leave an air-hole.

Answers next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem	An Exchange of Heads
15	Crow and parrot
36	became prow and
47	carrot.
98	Buried Towns—
2	Bath, Bedford,
100	Dover, Ely, Paris

## Jacko Does a Golden Deed

HIS mother used to say that Jacko was only happy when he was in mischief. But, like most boys, even Jacko had his good days.

He was going to school one morning when he noticed a poor, blind beggar trudging along with an old violin under his arm.

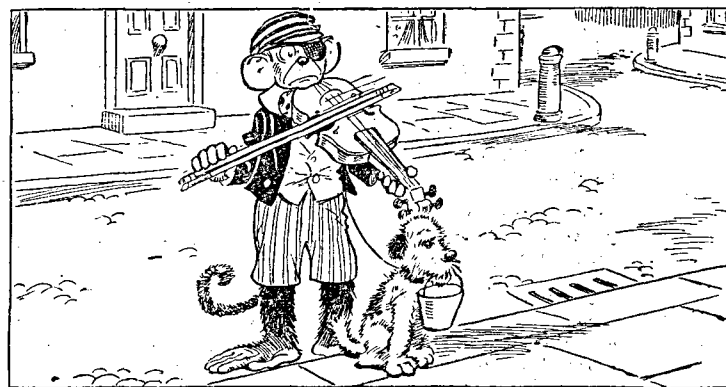
He was a disreputable-looking person, with a patch over one eye and a puppy dog at his heels.

"Poor wretch!" thought Jacko, as he ran on. "He won't make much today. People aren't going to listen to him in weather like this"—for there was an icy wind blowing.

On his way home that day Jacko caught sight of the beggar again. He was sitting down this time, huddled up on a deserted doorstep, sound asleep.

The violin and the little tin mug were lying beside him, and as Jacko looked at them an idea came into his head.

He skipped across the road, bent over the old man, picked



It was a horrible noise. Even the dog shuddered

up the violin, and ran off with it. He was going to fiddle like mad, make a lot of money, present it to the old man, and receive his blessing, and go home feeling unusually pleased and proud.

But things did not turn out quite as Jacko had expected.

To begin with, it is not so easy to make a nice noise on a violin as you might imagine. When Jacko drew the bow across the strings it sounded like tearing oilcloth.

The dog heard it—three streets away—and came rushing up to see what it all meant.

The noise was horrible. The dog shuddered and trembled all over. Then he began to howl; and the din collected quite a big crowd.

But it was not a very sympathetic one; and it was giving nothing away.

"He ought to be locked up," cried somebody. "Where are the police?"

"Where are the police?" echoed a quavering voice. "He's stolen my fiddle!"

"I haven't!" shouted Jacko, wheeling round indignantly. "I was trying to do you a good turn, and this is all the thanks I get."

But the crowd didn't believe that tale.

"Robbing a blind man," cried an old lady. "For shame!" "Now then, what's all this about?" asked a burly policeman, pushing his way through the crowd.

If Jacko had stayed to explain all might have been well; but at the sight of the policeman he lost his head. He flung the violin down and fled for home.

But the crowd was after him; and a fine chase he gave them. They caught him at last on Mother Jacko's doorstep. His yells brought the whole family to the door; and it was only his mother's agonising appeals for pity that saved him from a very painful ten minutes.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Umbrella

TONY was drumming on the window-pane, looking as black as the clouds that were racing across the sky.

"I won't!" he said angrily. "I don't care if I do get wet, I will not take an umbrella."

Mother came in just then. "Hurry up and get dressed, Tony," she said, "or you'll be late for school."

"Tony does hate carrying an umbrella," said Betty, as Tony disappeared.

"Then he shouldn't have left his waterproof at Aunt Flora's," said Mother. "He must learn not to be so silly about things. It's better to carry an umbrella than to catch cold."

But Tony didn't think so. When he came down again he found Mother waiting for him in the hall, with the hated umbrella in her hand. She put it up and held it out, and Tony took it without a word and went slowly down the steps.

Then Mother went in and shut the door.

As she went up to her bedroom five minutes later, a little figure crept on tiptoe along the garden path, up the steps, and very quickly opened the door again. It was Tony!

Instead of running along the road to school he had only gone far enough to get out of sight, and waited till he thought it safe to come back.

He peeped round, saw there was nobody about, popped the umbrella, wet as wet could be, in a corner of the hall, and turned to run out.

But at that very moment a strong gust of wind swept across the house, caught the hall door, and banged it to.

Tony jumped back—and



He popped the umbrella in

nearly fell, his coat caught fast. Tony was a prisoner!

The wind blew—such a cold wind!—and the rain fell in a torrent, and never had Tony felt so wretched before.

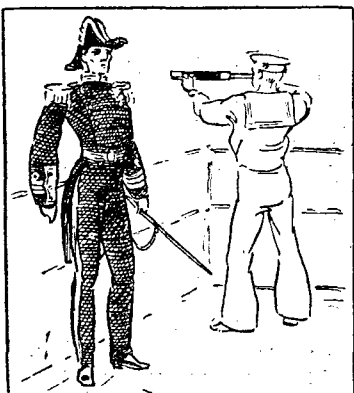
To get free he had to unbutton his coat and slip his arms out of it, and by that time he was drenched.

Of course he had to go in and own up. And when he came out again, some time after, the frown had gone from his face, and he was holding the umbrella over his head as if he were proud of it.

## Then and Now



Naval Uniform of 1823



Naval Uniform of 1923

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### A Wild and Tame Rabbit

This account of a rabbit that lives both a wild and tame life comes from Somersetshire.

A pet rabbit, let loose daily, wanders long distances from home. If a stranger approaches, it takes fright and disappears; but when its owner comes near it, it remains perfectly quiet and allows itself to be stroked.

Every evening it returns to its old haunt, beneath a rick, where it was brought up.

### Lapin de Garenne et de Choux

C'est du Somersetshire que nous vient ce compte-rendu d'un lapin qui mène une vie sauvage et apprivoisée à la fois.

Un lapin apprivoisé, mis en liberté chaque jour, erre à une grande distance de chez lui. Si un étranger s'approche, le lapin a peur et disparaît; mais si c'est son maître, il reste parfaitement tranquille et se laisse caresser.

Tous les soirs il retourne chez lui sous une meule où il a été élevé.



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 10, 1923

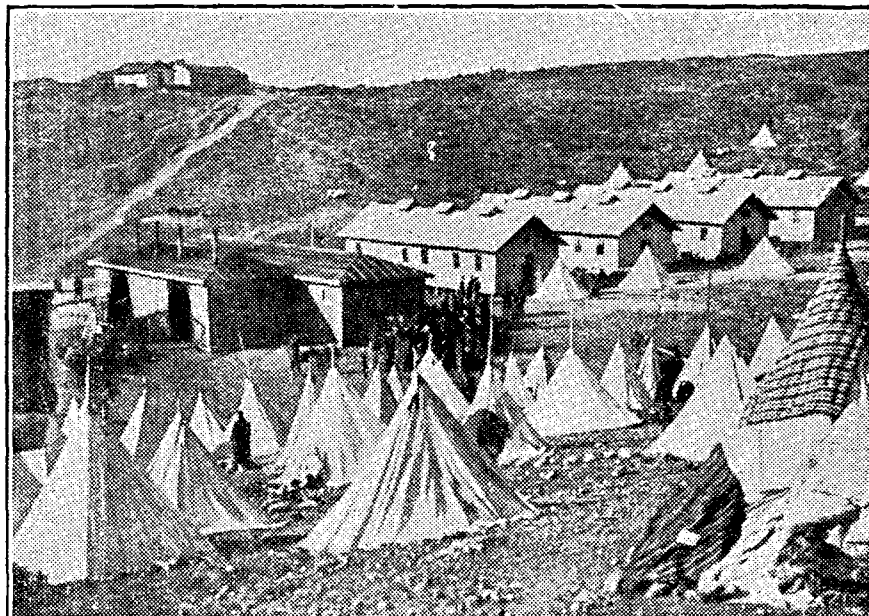
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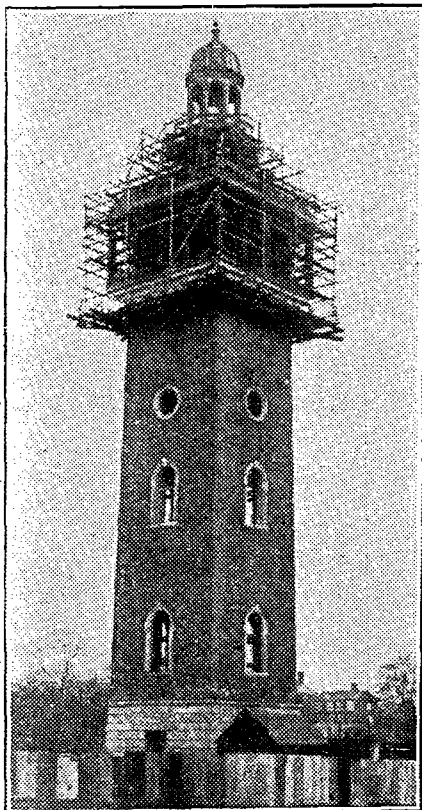
## ARCTIC ENGLAND · TUTANKHAMEN'S GLOVE · THE BELLS OF LOUGHBOROUGH



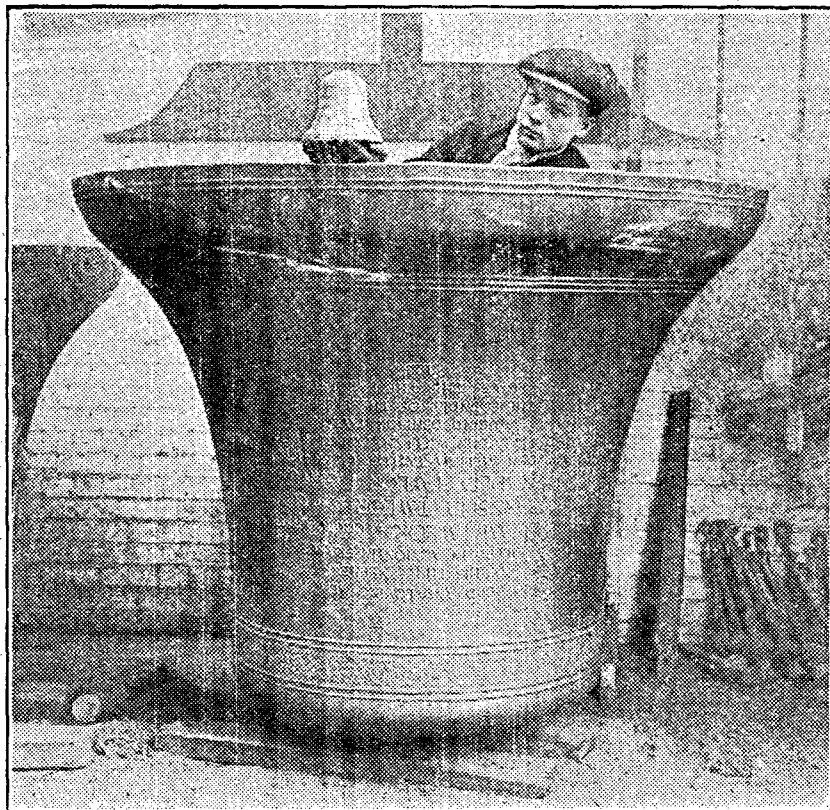
**Winter Comes Back**—The severest touch of winter this year has just been experienced in the North and the Midlands. Snow has covered the ground for miles, but this ice-cream merchant did not lose faith. He took his barrow out as usual, and we may admire such optimism.



**A Camp of Refuge**—The American Women's Hospital has organised a great camp for refugees with a well-equipped hospital on Macronisi Island, Greece, and 7000 Greek refugees from Turkey in Asia are there finding a temporary home. This photograph shows the hospital.



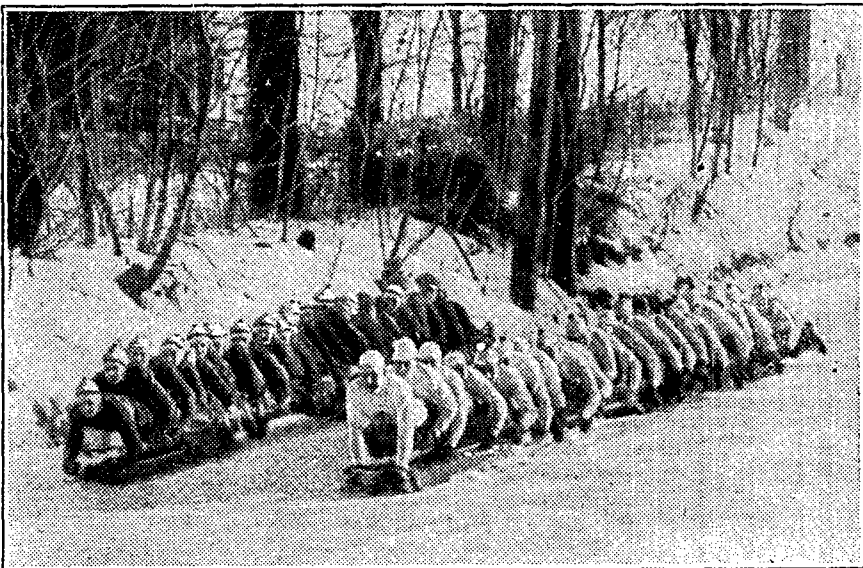
**An Interesting Memorial**—Loughborough, in Leicestershire, has erected this fine bell-tower as its war memorial, and is putting in the largest carillon of bells in the country.



**The Big Bell of Loughborough**—Loughborough's memorial to its war heroes is costing £20,000, and consists of a carillon of 47 bells, the finest in the country, and only exceeded in number by those of Ghent and Bruges, which have 48 bells each. Here are the largest and the smallest of the bells, one weighing four-and-a-quarter tons, and the other 21 pounds.



**The World's Oldest Glove**—The linen glove from Tutankhamen's tomb, supposed to have been worn by him as a child. Times world copyright, by arrangement with Lord Carnarvon.



**A Merry Bobsleigh Party**—Bobsleighting is one of the most popular pastimes in Canada during the time the snow is about, and here we see two big bobsleigh parties off for a race.



**The Coming of the Primroses**—Although snow has covered the ground deeply for many miles the flowers have heralded the spring, and primroses have appeared in many places in abundance.

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

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